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DEAD LOVE.

BY D. J. ROBERTSON.

Can the winds of Winter bring
From the frowning Northern skies
The sweet love-songs of the Spring?
All my heart within me dies
When you bid me sing.

Can the heart of Winter hold
Roses of the Summer's prime,
Glory of red Autumn gold?
All the ways are white with rime
And my heart is cold.

Can I sing of Love to-night
By the grave where Love is lying?
Give me back dead Summer's light
And the south wind's tender sighing—
Then perhaps I might.

A Terrible Repentance

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "ON HER WEDDING-MORN," "BETWEEN TWO SINS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE clock was striking twelve when the footman brought me a card with the announcement that the visitor had asked for Lady Jesmond, but that, on being told that she was from home, he had requested to see me.

Taking up the card, I read the name of Major Esmond; and I remembered that Gabrielle was living in his family, teaching his children, when she first met Paul.

I hastened from my seat on the lawn to the drawing-room, and there found a fine, tall, soldierly man awaiting me.

"I presume I have the pleasure of seeing Miss Gordon," he said, as he rose and bowed, "whom I already know well by report? I called on Mr. Benson as I passed through London, and he spoke much of you. I am Major Esmond. Lady Jesmond was living in my house when he met your cousin Paul."

I replied that we had often spoken of those days, and that, although Lady Jesmond was not just then at home, I felt sure she would welcome him most cordially to Jesmond Dene. I invited him to partake of some refreshment; and, as he drank a glass of sherry, he told me what had brought him home.

"I have but six months' leave of absence," he said, "and I had some difficulty in getting that; but we have had a law-suit in our family which has lasted sixteen years, and I have just won it. I was compelled to come to England to settle affairs; and before I left India my wife, who was warmly attached to Miss Fairfax, now Lady Jesmond, begged me to run down to Jesmond Dene to see her. I ought to have written; but, finding myself with two days to spare, I decided to come down unannounced. How is Lady Jesmond?"

"She is exceedingly well," I answered.

"I am glad of that. She was very delicate when she left India; her husband's death was a terrible blow to her."

I thought to myself that she must have changed greatly if sorrow for Paul's death had made her ill.

"It was only natural," I said.

"She was always very delicate—indeed some of us thought she would not stand the voyage," said the Major earnestly.

"In what way was she delicate?" I asked wonderingly, for Lady Jesmond had always seemed to me the very personification of health and strength.

"She seemed to be consumptive," he replied; "but I am delighted to hear that she is better."

"I have never seen or known her anything but perfectly well and robust," I said. And he repeated that he was very glad to hear it.

"Miss Fairfax was in delicate health the whole time she lived with us," continued the Major. "Mrs. Esmond was always more or less anxious about her. She will be pleased to hear of her perfect recovery. And how is little Sir Guy?"

I told him how well the boy was progressing, and what a pet he was; how every one loved and indulged him. I told him too what a devoted nurse he had; and the Major appeared thoroughly delighted to hear such excellent news.

"We were very much attached to Miss Fairfax," he continued. "My children loved her as though she was one of the family. She was as good as she was beautiful."

Again the old familiar phrase that had puzzled me so often! I should certainly not have described Gabrielle as being as good as she was fair.

"I have never seen any one so perfectly patient as she was," he went on.

"Patience is the very last virtue I should attribute to Lady Jesmond," I remarked, with a smile.

"You surprise me!" he said, with a pleasant laugh. Then, changing the subject, he added, "What a magnificent place this is, Miss Gordon! I had no idea that I should find it so large."

"Lady Jesmond was greatly surprised when she first came."

"Was she very much pleased?" he asked.

"Yes—delighted," I answered.

"I am glad to hear that," said the kind-hearted soldier. "I was afraid she would never take an interest in anything again. Hers was so entirely a love-match."

I thought of her words—"Marriage provided an easy escape from the slavery of teaching; besides which, I liked the idea of being Lady Jesmond." Evidently the Major and myself viewed the beautiful Gabrielle's character from very different stand-points.

I ordered luncheon for Major Esmond, and then left him to rest, promising to bring Lady Jesmond to him directly she returned.

After luncheon the Major fell asleep, and I went to sit with aunt Annette for an hour or two.

Then it occured to me that he would probably like some coffee. It was just four o'clock when I entered the drawing-room, where he sat, to ask him. He looked the picture of comfort, with newspapers and magazines scattered on the table near him.

"If I have a weakness, said the Major, "it is for coffee. I shall be delighted to take a cup."

In my own mind I had decided that Lord Saxon and Gabrielle would return about five, in time to rest and dress for dinner. "A whole day in the sunshine, my darling," he had whispered; and I therefore felt sure they would not hasten to return.

Suddenly, just as I was inquiring whether the Major would take milk and sugar with his coffee, I heard the sound of their voices. They had returned by what we called the road, and had passed into the courtyard instead of riding up the drive. They walked together towards the drawing-room windows, which were wide open.

She came on, talking and laughing gaily to her doom. His arm was thrown lightly round her, after his usual caressing fashion, and her beautiful face, wreathed in smiles, was raised to his.

"Lady Jesmond has returned," I said to the Major.

His face brightened perceptibly at the words.

Just at that moment her ladyship and Lord Saxon came to the long open glass doors, and entered the room.

The Major rose and bowed as he glanced at the beautiful woman, but there was no sign of recognition between them.

I looked at her, expecting her to welcome affectionately one who had been so devoted a friend to her and Paul. As she did not move, I went to her.

"Gabrielle," I said, "your old friend Major Esmond is on leave of absence, and has come to see you."

Then I drew back in fear and trembling, for I saw that there was something terribly wrong. Her face grew colorless, while the light seemed suddenly to fade from her eyes, and a startled fear to take possession of her. I pray Heaven that I may never again witness such tortures as I read on that woman's face.

She did not look at the Major. Her eyes sought Lord Saxon, and rested piteously on his handsome face. The Major seemed confused and uncomfortable.

"I am very sorry," he said hesitatingly; "I am afraid that I have made some mistake. It was Lady Jesmond, my old friend Gabrielle Fairfax, the widow of Captain Paul Jesmond, whom I called to see."

She raised her head with desperate courage, and looked into his face. There was a certain pathetic dignity in her manner as her eyes met his.

"I am Lady Jesmond," she said proudly.

"I beg your pardon, madam," returned the Major. "I am convinced there is a great mistake somewhere. You are not the Mrs. Jesmond I had the honor of knowing in India."

"I am Lady Jesmond," she repeated; but the color did not return to her lips, nor the light to her eyes.

"You are not the widow of the late Captain Jesmond," he said.

"I am the widow of Paul Jesmond," she replied.

"You are not the mother of the child who left India in his own mother's arms!" he cried; and this time his face flushed with impatience, as he looked at the woman standing like a statue before him.

"I am the mother of little Guy," she answered.

"I swear before Heaven that you are not the same Gabrielle Fairfax who lived in my house!" he cried.

She paused a moment, then answered—"I am Gabrielle Fairfax."

"You are not!" contradicted the Major warmly. "Who you are, madam, is best known to yourself, and does not concern me; but you are not Gabrielle Fairfax, the young lady who lived in my house, who taught my children, who married Paul Jesmond, and whom I myself gave away at the altar. Emphatically and most certainly you are not she. You might as well try to make me believe that I am the Viceroy of India."

"You may be for all that I know to the contrary," she said, with simulated pride and contempt.

"I can bring hundreds of people to prove that I am Major Esmond. I do not think, madam, that you can find one who can give truthful testimony to the fact that you are Lady Jesmond."

And then, seeing that her face grew paler, and that she trembled violently, Lord Saxon went to her. She held out her arms to him, as though he were her only rock of refuge, and he clasped her to his breast with a passionate cry.

"What is it, my darling?" he said. "I do not understand. Tell me what is wrong."

She rose slowly from his circling arms, and pointed to Major Esmond.

"Nello," she exclaimed, "that man has insulted me! He is mad!"

The Major seemed rather relieved to have a man to deal with, and when these words fell from her he turned impatiently to Lord Saxon.

"I am sane enough," he said; "but, mad or sane, I persist in denying that that lady is Gabrielle Fairfax or Lady Jesmond."

CHAPTER XV.

Major Esmond, who had at first seemed anxious and distressed, now stood erect and at ease, evidently with the consciousness of one who had suddenly realized that he was to be the means of exposing what at present looked like a gigantic fraud. The smile which had rested on his handsome face was no longer there; a stern grave expression had taken its place. Lord Saxon looked perplexed and bewildered, but his face was full of love and tenderness, and turned always towards the woman beside him.

No idea that she could be an impostor had ever occurred to me—indeed the frank and open way in which she had spoken of her past life, of her marriage, of my cousin Paul, of the fact that she had never been in love until now, seemed to me guarantees of her identity and honesty. But there was fear in the agonized face now raised beseechingly to her lover—startled, terrible, fear; and, if she were innocent, why need she tremble at the visit of one who had acted as a father towards her?

Lord Saxon, drawing her nearer to him, turned angrily to Major Esmond.

"This lady," he said, "is soon to become my wife; anything you may have to say against her or about her will be my affair, not hers."

"With all the pleasure in the world," rejoined Major Esmond. "I have nothing to say against the lady—how could I when this is the first time I have seen her? How could I, either, say anything about her when she is an entire stranger to me?"

"You deny her identity!" cried Lord Saxon.

"I do not indeed. I simply affirm and repeat that this lady is not Gabrielle Fairfax, who lived as governess in my house. I seem," continued the Major, "to have hit upon some family secret or mystery of which I know nothing. The case seems simple enough to me. The young lady whom I seek lived in my house, where she was treated with the utmost kindness and affection. We were present at her marriage; we had the same warm feeling for her afterwards. When I was returning to England, my wife's first request was that I should call upon Gabrielle Fairfax, now Lady Jesmond. At some inconvenience to myself I came hither, desiring to see the young girl I had befriended and helped. I find brought to me as Lady Jesmond a total stranger—a beautiful woman, but a total stranger to me—and you are angry because I speak out and say so. I am sorry I came. I wish I had been a thousand miles away; but, being here, I must speak the truth. This lady who calls herself Lady Jesmond is not the Gabrielle Fairfax who lived with us. Our Gabrielle Fairfax," he continued, "was a fragile delicate girl with a fair angelic face which had a consumptive look. Her eyes were gray, and her hair was more brown than golden. I swear before Heaven that this lady is not the bride whom I gave away to be Paul's Jesmond wife. You doubt me," said the Major, looking towards Lord Saxon. "I can give you positive proof of the truth of what I say." Then he looked around upon us, as if specially to engage

our attention. "Listen—I can give you overwhelming proof that this lady is not Gabrielle Fairfax. You know—all my friends know—that Miss Fairfax lived in my house for two years; it is also well known that I gave her away at her marriage. Now I appeal to you, Miss Gordon, and to you, Lord Saxon, to take note of this—not only did I utterly fail to recognise Lady Jesmond when she entered the room, but she also failed to recognize me. Was it not so? I appeal to you both. Did she recognize me?"

We were compelled to answer, "No."

"The Gabrielle Fairfax who left my house in tears because she loved us all so well would have come to me as a daughter, would have taken my hands in affectionate greeting, would have bidden me a hundred times welcome to her home. If this be Lady Jesmond, why did she meet me in silence and without recognition? There is no answer to the question; there can be none. One of two things must be clear to you, Miss Gordon, and to you, Lord Saxon. I am not Major Esmond or this lady is not Gabrielle Fairfax. Now I am prepared to prove my identity. To begin—I am personally well known to the Commander-in-Chief and to many of the officials at the Horse Guards; and I can bring more than a hundred gentlemen, all men of position, to prove that I am Major Esmond. I will wait here, if you wish it, until more than sufficient evidence is brought forward to prove it. When it is conclusively proved, it will be for you to find out who this lady is whom you have received as Lady Jesmond."

Lord Saxon looked at me with fear and dismay depicted on his face. His eyes sought mine with a horrible questioning in them.

"I received Lady Jesmond," I said; "and I have never had the least doubt as to her identity. She came here with her infant son, and at once took up her position as mistress of Jesmond Dene. Mr. Benson, too," I added, "was fully satisfied as to the validity and genuineness of her claim."

"I am sorry I should be the means of creating so much unpleasantness," returned the Major; "but justice should be done. The lady will pardon me perhaps if I ask her a few questions. What, for instance, were the names of my three children?"

She made no answer, but clung more closely to her lover.

"Can you tell me one detail of the wedding—where it took place—the name of the clergyman who married you? Can you describe the dress you wore? What happened just as we were leaving the church?"

Again she did not reply, but flung her arms round her lover's neck, crying despairingly—

"Oh, Nello, Nello!"

"I do not think," said the Major quietly, "that there is any need to prolong this painful scene. I will relieve you of my presence, and then the lady may be inclined to throw some light upon the matter." Then, turning to me, he said, "I thank you, Miss Gordon, for your kindness and hospitality. I should have been very glad to help you to solve the mystery; but perhaps you will let me hear the solution before I leave England. I need hardly add that you may rely upon my silence."

"Stay!" cried Lord Saxon. "You must not leave us in this suspense."

"There is no suspense," rejoined the Major. "You may take it as an established fact that that lady is not Lady Jesmond." Then, as if suddenly remembering something, he added quickly, "I can give you another and what ought to be an overwhelming proof of what I say. I had forgotten it until just this minute. The clergyman who married Gabrielle Fairfax and Captain Jesmond is now in London. He was sent home on the sick-list, and arrived in England last month. The proper and most satisfactory course would be to telegraph for him. I can give you his address. He is a friend of mine, and he knew Miss Fairfax. Let him come, and we will abide by his decision."

"Oh, Nello, Nello," cried the unhappy girl, "not that, not that!"

"Shall it be so, my darling?" asked his lordship. "If the clergyman can prove that the Major is wrong and you are right, by all means let him come."

But she clung to him, weeping passionate tears, and cried—

"Not that! Oh, Nello, Nello, not that!"

"Will you not see him?" asked Lord Saxon gently.

"No, no—a thousand times no!" she cried.

"Tell me why you will not see him, Gabrielle," he said, gazing on the face he loved so well. "If he, by seeing you for a moment, can disprove what the Major asserts, and prove your truth, why not see him?"

"Yes," put in the Major quietly, "why not see him?"

"Say 'Yes,' Gabrielle," said her lover. "It is an easy way of meeting the difficulty. Do you not see, my darling, that if you refuse this test it will look like guilt?"

But his entreaties were all in vain.

"No man," said the Major, "ever found himself in such a painful position, I do believe; yet, if there has been a fraud, it should be exposed."

"Do not use the word 'fraud' in connection with this lady!" cried Lord Saxon, with a darkening face.

"I have no wish to do so; but, if she is not Lady Jesmond, is she not guilty of a most wicked fraud, one that no honest man could ever tolerate or forgive?"

"Nello, Nello!" cried Lady Jesmond; and the drooping figure nearly slipped from his clasp, while the colorless face dropped heavily upon his breast.

"I believe," he cried, turning with hot anger to the Major, "that you have killed her!"

"It is not I who have killed her," said the Major gravely. "I am merely the instrument by which a cruel wrong has been found out."

Lord Saxon laid the beautiful unconscious figure on the couch.

"Come to her, Felicia," he cried excitedly; "she is in a dead swoon!"

Major Esmond turned to Lord Saxon and looked straight into his face.

"It is natural," he said, "that, loving this lady, you should espouse her cause; but your prejudice should not blind you to the claims of simple justice. Miss Gordon is bound to give up all in favor of the true Lady Jesmond, but not to a fraudulent stranger. I should like to see the child," he continued, as if expecting that the fraud had extended even to the substitution of another child for Paul's.

I rang the bell, standing before Lady Jesmond to screen her from observation, and told the servant who appeared to tell Mrs. Rivers to bring down little Sir Guy to the drawing-room without delay.

"It is hardly a scene for a servant to witness," said the Major.

But I assured him that the nurse was a confidential servant whom Lady Jesmond trusted implicitly.

I shall never forget Mrs. Rivers's face when she entered the room. She looked from one to another with wild questioning eyes, and an anticipation of coming danger seemed to come to her.

Major Esmond took the child from her arms and looked critically at the boy's pretty features.

"I know not," he said, after a pause, "where the mother may be, but this is certainly Paul Jesmond's child."

"What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Rivers. "What is wrong?"

And on her face I noticed the same deadly fear and dismay that had taken possession of Lady Jesmond.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WHAT is wrong?" repeated the nurse. "Oh, tell me, for Heaven's sake?"

"She may be able to throw some light on the mystery," said the Major. "She came here with the lady, and, as you say she is a confidential servant, I should most certainly tell her what has occurred."

"We do not know what is wrong yet," I said, answering Mrs. Rivers. "This is the gentleman—Major Esmond—in whose house Miss Gabrielle Fairfax lived in India, and he has come to see her. He declares this lady to be a stranger to him, and not Lady Jesmond at all."

The woman's face, as she listened, assumed a livid pallor, and a fierce gleam shone in her dark eyes.

"Who dares say it?" she cried. "Who dare utter so foul a calumny?"

"I do; I dare," said the Major. "That lady is no more Gabrielle Fairfax than you are! I know Gabrielle as well as I do my children."

The old nurse's face became more ghastly white, a violent fit of trembling came over her.

"Can you tell us anything which will help to solve the mystery?" asked Lord Saxon.

"There is no mystery, my lord. He speaks falsely—falsely! I have not one word to say. Where is Lady Jesmond?"

"She is here," I said, moving aside. "She has fainted."

With a heart-rending cry the woman sprang forward and knelt down by the side of the apparently lifeless body on the couch. At the sound Lady Jesmond languidly opened her eyes and murmured something which did not reach us.

"Hush, my dear, hush!" cried the nurse; then, turning to us with anger and defiance, she added, "You will kill her between you! Who dares to say she is not Paul Jesmond's widow and the mother of his child?"

"Nello, Nello," cried the faint voice, "I—I will tell you! Send them all away—all away!"

"Hush, hush, my dear!" said Mrs. Rivers. "Lie still!" And again she turned her face to us as she continued, "She does not know what she is saying. You will drive her mad between you!"

"Send them all away, Nello! I want to tell you—only you!" she cried.

"Take the child to the nursery, Mrs. Rivers," said Lord Saxon.

But the woman refused to go.

"I will not leave her," she declared. "She is not safe with anyone but me."

"Go," said the faint weak voice.

And, weeping bitter tears, the nurse obeyed the command of her mistress, and left the room.

"Wait for me in the dining-room, Major Esmond," said Lord Saxon. "I should like to see you again before you go."

"I will," answered the Major.

And then, with a slight gesture, Lord Saxon made known to me his wish that I should remain.

"Speak out, Gabrielle," he said. "Of all people in the world, you need fear me the least, because I love you the best. Speak to me fearlessly—tell me all."

"Oh, Nello, Nello, nothing that I can say will make any difference to you—to us?"

But I remarked that he did not answer the question. So did she, for she stretched out her trembling arms to him.

"Nello, I will tell you all."

She rose from the couch, and flung herself imploringly upon her knees at his feet. She caught his hand in hers, and raised her agonised face to his. I pray Heaven I may never witness another such scene. Her golden hair hung like a glittering veil over her shoulders, and her fair loveliness was shadowed by a storm of agonised despair.

"Look at me, Nello!" she cried, with passionate fervor. "Do not turn your eyes from me! You will not love me less when I confess that I am a most miserable sinner. Throw your arms around me, Nello; take me to your breast. I cannot speak when I am so far from you."

But he did not move.

"Nello!" she cried again; and the piteous agony in her voice touched my heart.

"Speak to me freely, Gabrielle," he said. "At present I cannot understand what all this means;" and, as he spoke, he laid his hand on her head.

"I am a miserable sinner," she sobbed, after a momentary pause; "but I did not think of the wickedness of the act, and I was persuaded. I saw the enormity of my crime afterwards; but it was too late to withdraw then."

"Tell me," he said—and I noticed the change in his voice—"is what the Major said true? Are you Lady Jesmond?"

"No," she answered, "I am not. Oh, forgive me, Nello, forgive me! If I had known that I should see you and love you, I would never have done it. Oh, forgive me!"

"Will you tell me who you are?" he asked gently, but firmly.

"I am Lady Jesmond's sister," she replied. "My name is Alice, not Gabrielle." She must have caught sight of his face then, for her voice died in a wail of deep despair. "You must forgive me, Nello, you must," she persisted, "or I shall die here at your feet! If I had known that I should meet you, if I had known that the time was coming when I should see you and love you, I would rather have died than be guilty of this sin. Great Heaven, there is no pity in your face, no love in your eyes! Your heart is growing hard and cold towards me. Let me die—let me die!"

She wrenched her hands from his, and flung herself to the ground in a frenzy of madness. I went to her, for I could not bear the sight of her despair.

"Gabrielle," I said, "do not weep so bitterly." Then, my heart aching with anguish at the sight of the beautiful wreck before me, I turned to him. "Oh, Lord Saxon, be kind to her! She loves you so well, and she is so unhappy. Be kind to her."

"Tell me all," Lord Saxon again requested.

"I cannot," she answered; "my strength fails me. Felicia, fetch my mother; she will tell you all."

"Your mother, Gabrielle? She is not here," I said.

"Ah, I forgot you do not know! Mrs. Rivers is my mother."

"Mrs. Rivers your mother!" cried Lord Saxon, in undisguised astonishment. "More deceit, more intrigue! Oh, Gabrielle, whom I believed to be true as I found you fair, how could you stoop so low?"

The only answer to this reproach was a moan of despair.

"There is a terrible scene below, Mrs. Rivers," I said, entering the nurse's room. "Will you come down, please? Lady Jesmond wants you."

She seemed to fly rather than walk; and I hastened after her. Ah, the mother's love! She thought neither of Lord Saxon nor of me, but went to the girl who lay upon the carpet, crushed and helpless.

"My darling, what is it?" she cried.

For a moment the burning face of the unhappy girl appeared through the veil of loosened hair.

"Mother," she said, "tell them all! Do not keep one word back—tell them all!"

The nurse looked up with a troubled frightened face.

"You know!" she said.

"We know that this lady is not Lady Jesmond," Lord Saxon broke in, "and we also know that you are Mrs. Fairfax."

"It is all discovered then!" she said despairingly. "Oh, my beautiful Alice, it would never have been done but for me—guilty, miserable me!"

She turned to Lord Saxon, and kept her eyes fixed on his face the whole time that she spoke.

"My lord," she went on, "you have judged her already. I read your judgment in your eyes. Suspend it until you have heard what I have to tell."

He bowed.

"I must speak of myself for a few minutes," she said. "My husband was a poor hard-working curate who left me, when he died, with two little daughters, Gabrielle and Alice. We lived at Wavertree; and after his death I supported myself and my children by giving music-lessons there. I say 'supported;' but only Heavens knows the desperate struggle I maintained to bring up my children respectably. I never knew until recently what it was to be free from the pinch of poverty—poverty all the more bitter because it has been what the world in its satire calls 'genteel.' Of all the slow tortures that destroy life, genteel poverty is the greatest. You, my lord, who have never known want, who have never felt the pangs of hunger, you do not know the trials that beset those who have to battle fiercely for their daily bread. My children were good and beautiful. They were both clever; and I struggled on until they were old enough to receive education and training. I denied myself food in order that they should have enough to eat. Many a night, my lord, I have lain awake too hungry to sleep; but they knew no hunger, no cold. They were little then.

"When they grew older, through the good offices of a friend of mine, since dead, I found a home for them in a large boarding-school near Paris, where they both received an excellent education in return for the services they rendered.

"When Gabrielle was about seventeen, she had an offer of a situation in India. A lady going thither wanted a companion who could speak French. My daughter went with her; and afterwards she went to live as governess in the family of Major Esmond. She was very happy there, and often sent me money home. Still my life was a terrible struggle, and few sun-rays illumined my dreary path. I had to rent a comfortable house and dress respectably, or I should have lost all my pupils. Think, then, what news it was to me when I heard that my daughter was to marry the son and heir of Sir William Jesmond, although, as she told me, the marriage was to be kept secret. Still I understood all the advantages that must accrue from it."

She paused for a few minutes. Lord Saxon did not stir; but I saw traces of deep emotion on his face.

CHAPTER XVII.

"YOU cannot realize," continued Mrs. Fairfax, "what that marriage meant for me; it meant freedom from the horrible grind of poverty, which had already almost crushed the life from me; freedom from the irksome task of teaching for a miserable pittance; a fair provision of the comforts and necessaries of life—for I knew that my daughter would care for me. She did. I believe that the first sum of money her husband gave her was sent to me. She told me that she would be able to do more for me after a time; that, when

she returned to England, I should cease to work; that she would settle a substantial income on me; and that at last I should have the rest so long withheld from me. Think of my delight at the glowing prospect opened up to me! You cannot realise it, you who have never known want. My daughter begged me to be reticent as to her position and prospects, never to mention her marriage even to my dearest friends; and I never did—not even to poor Alice, her sister lying here, my poor beautiful Alice!"

She bent down and kissed the colorless face half hidden by the trembling hands.

"Not even Alice knew then," she reiterated, as though speaking to herself. "When the little heir was born, my daughter wrote to me again, and told me of her happiness, adding that the proudest moment of her life would be when she placed her little son in my arms. For I was a good mother to both my girls, Lord Saxon."

He bowed, but did not speak. I was hoping that he would say a few words to comfort her.

"All this time," she went on, "my daughter Alice was in France. She had found an excellent situation there, and things were going better with me. Then came a period of disquiet. Gabrielle had written to me from India to say that her husband was going to Faizabad on some military business, and that he would be absent for three months.

"The next letter that came from her brought the news of his death, and that she was coming home with the little heir to Jesmond Dene. I well remember the words of her letter—

"'I shall come home to you for a few days first, mother; my heart is so completely broken by Paul's death that I could not face Jesmond Dene just yet.'

"She came to Wavertree, bringing with her no servant—only her baby-boy; and on the same day my daughter Alice returned from France. For the first time since they were children, I had them together under my roof. Try to realise the temptation, Lord Saxon, and you, Miss Gordon.

"We were there in my house quite alone. I had no servant, no visitors; few of my pupils came to my home, and none of them knew anything of my daughters. Lady Jesmond, the child in whom all my hopes centred, was taken ill and died quite suddenly. She looked very ill when she came, for the loss of her husband had preyed on her mind and weakened her already debilitated constitution. She had never been strong; she was fragile and delicate—unlike my beautiful Alice, who was always healthy. Poor Gabrielle died of inflammation of the lungs. We called in a doctor; but, remembering all she had said about secrecy, I did not mention her name before him; he knew only that she was my daughter. Neither he nor I anticipated a serious termination to her illness, or what was done afterwards would have been impossible; but she died quite suddenly in the middle of the night, when Alice and I were in the house alone. I was terrible distressed—because of her loss chiefly, and also because of the complete shattering of all my hopes. The child might live and succeed to Jesmond Dene; but there would be no provision for me. If my daughter had lived, I should have been well provided for; but here she was lying dead! Poverty and work still stared me in the face; and I was so tired—so tired! An idea—I admit that it was a wicked one—flashed across my mind showing me how I could avert the calamity which threatened my future prospects. No one knew anything about my daughter; no one knew her here in England which was Lady Jesmond and which was Alice Fairfax. Why not ask the living child to take the dead one's place?

"No one could ever know; it would hurt no one. A widowed Lady Jesmond was traveling from India; a widowed Lady Jesmond was expected at Jesmond Dene. They were both my children, and, as it could work no injury to any one, why should not the one pass for the other?

"I thought it all over carefully, and viewed it in all its bearings. There seemed to me little harm in it; and I was so tired of poverty, so tired of work! The only danger I could foresee was the very one that has occurred—the coming home of some one from India who had known Gabrielle there; but the chance of such a thing happening appeared to me very small. She had known but few people, and those few were not likely to seek her out in England; and, if they should happen to do so, she could easily evade them. There did not seem to me to be the least danger of my plans being upset in that manner. I pondered the matter in my mind, and then I broached it to Alice.

"At first—believe me, Lord Saxon—she most positively refused to agree to my scheme. She said that it would be false, dishonorable, man—that she would never consent to such a deception. But I talked to her, and pointed out that, with her beauty and her position as Lady Jesmond, she would be able to make a brilliant marriage. I persuaded her; let the blame and the punishment fall on me—I deserve it.

"I took my living daughter to the side of the dead one. I drew from my dead child's hand her wedding-ring and diamond keeper, and I placed them on Alice's hand.

"'It is Alice Fairfax who lies dead there,' I said: 'and you are Gabrielle, Lady Jesmond' I took the boy and placed him in her arms. 'Henceforth,' I said to her, 'this is your child.'

"I told the little fellow to call her 'mamma;' but I was much troubled by the look in the child's eyes. If he could have spoken he would have said plainly, "This is not my mamma; she has gone away!' But he was too young to understand; nevertheless, whenever he calls Alice 'mamma,' there is a questioning look in his eyes."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MODERN CREDULITY.

To turn back after once setting out, spill salt, walk under a ladder, sit down thirteen at dinner, are still considered unlucky omens. Such superstitious fancies are widespread and die hard. They have a powerful hold on the minds not only of the ignorant of all nations, but of those whose education and experience might be expected to relieve them of all such notions. To break a looking-glass is still believed to entail seven years of trouble. In Cornwall, no miner whistles underground; while in many places, pixies, fairies, and brownies are yet regarded as existent beings.

According to feminine fancies, it brings luck to separate men when you meet several together, but quite the reverse to walk between two women on the pavement. To dream of ivy is still considered very favorable, and indicates good weather should you undertake a voyage. Good fortune is ensured if you sneeze on a Saturday; but we must beware of marriage on that day, Wednesday being considered the luckiest. The last day of December is a favorite wedding day in some places. A bride should avoid wearing green colors, as being emblematical of evil.

In western counties, Sunday is regarded as an especially lucky day for births. In Devonshire you mustn't wash clothes on New-Year's day—and so on through the whole catalogue of cautions.

It is not so long since a woman, arrested for theft, when searched, was found to be wearing a horseshoe 'with nails complete'—for luck, which on that occasion seems to have deserted her. From the pocket of a burglar, was taken a lump of coal, which, the police explained to the astonished magistrates, is usually carried by these midnight prowlers as a sort of talisman to ensure their safety, just as many persons still believe in the efficacy of certain gems. It was noticed that a number of Russian officers in the last war with Turkey wore turquoise rings as "a means of protection against a violent death."

Faith in the life-saving virtues of a caul is still prevalent. Rather recently, a case occurred, however, tending to explode this idea. At an inquest on the body of a man found drowned it transpired that the deceased used to boast that he would never be drowned, as he had been born with a caul. In a certain neighborhood of the river, night poachers have a great fear of "being pelted with human bones." There is a hole there in which are said to lie the remains of scores of people who were murdered by highwaymen, and thrown in enclosed in weighted sacks. Poachers declare that they have fibulas hurled at their heads if they venture in that district.

Sailors are not the only class who associate the harmless necessary cat with dire portents. Some actors have implicit belief in pussy as an augur of good or evil. The success of that laughter-provoking piece, The Private Secretary, is said to have only been really assured after a black cat chanced to put in an appearance at one of the rehearsals.

In fact, no business or profession seems to be entirely free from being influenced by some sort of fetich. Gamblers are notoriously superstitious, and profess to foresee revelations of luck in a great variety of odd ways, but especially in dreams. Their belief in the significance of numbers is marvellous.

In Florence, the dread of number thirteen is so great that it is absent from many streets, the numbers skipping from twelve and a half to fourteen. In Naples, the date on an old tombstone, a flock of birds or the number of shadows cast by the moonlight through the iron bars of a gate, send away scores of wretched needies to invest their last few coins in lottery tickets, in the full assurance that winning numbers have been revealed to them.

Similarly, the French are not much wiser in this respect. A son-in-law is confident of winning half a million francs if he can only secure a ticket the last two figures of which shall represent the age of his wife's mother.

Another man bases his hopes of gain on the coincidence of a number with the respective ages of himself, his wife and three children. Human folly is the same in all countries; were the State to permit lotteries here, it is certain that the same heathen reliance on just such Mumbo Jumbo would be manifested.

Then, consider the importance of colors with regard to one's hair and complexion as shown in the custom of 'first-footing' every new year. Imagine the villain of the play with fair locks, eyebrows, or beard! Yet the great Napoleon is said never to have trusted a general who had light hair or moustaches. One of the richest men in America is reported to confide in clerks and others in proportion to the darkness of their complexions.

In certain parts of Scotland, the people entertain a great horror of the mere mention of swine. Not very long ago, in Inverness, the small clay effigy of some obnoxious person, as used in witchcraft, was produced in court in evidence against some modern wizard. Witness testified to the deaths of cattle and illness of peasants through this revival of the black art.

Lately, in the Thames police court, it came out that a woman who had lost a shawl tried to discover the thief by the ordeal of "the Bible and the key," a test which "never failed." Before invited witnesses, she laid a Bible on the table, and placed a key, to which a string was attached, between its leaves. She held the projecting part of the key, pronounced several neighbor's names, and repeated some doggered invocation, till at mention of the guilty name the key "twisted itself out of her hand and fell on the floor." In the same manner she averred that the name of the pawnbroker was obtained with whom her shawl had been pledged.

FRENCH DETECTIVES.—The ability of French detectives in the matter of disguising their identity is marvellous. Some years ago, one of them made a bet that he would, in the course of the next few days, address a gentleman with whom he was acquainted four times, for at least ten minutes each time, and that he should not know him on any occasion until the detective had discovered himself. As a matter of course, the gentleman was on his guard, and mistrusted every one who came near him. But the man won his bet. It is needless to enter into the particulars. Suffice it to say that in the course of the next four days he presented himself in the character of a bootmaker's assistant, a fiacre-driver, a venerable old gentleman with a great interest in the Bourse, and finally as a waiter in the hotel where the gentleman was staying.

SHE was a sweet young thing out on a shopping expedition matching samples, and strayed innocently into the wrong fold—a big crockery store.

At first she looked around appealingly, then she approached the proprietor:

"Can you match this sample of silk?" she asked, holding up a wretched little dog-eared shred between her thumb and finger.

"My dear young lady," said the suave proprietor, "this is not a dry goods emporium. It is a china store."

"Well, this is china silk," said the sweet girl, as she dangled her sample on her finger.

But the proprietor had faluted.

HOW MEN SHOULD TREAT WOMEN.—A Persian poet gives the following instruction upon this important subject: "When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved."

Bric-a-Brac.

PETRELS.—A bird of immense wing power is the tiny stormy petrel, the smallest web-footed bird known. It belongs to every sea, and although so apparantly frail, it breasts the utmost fury of the storm, skimming with incredible velocity the trough of the waves, and gliding rapidly over their snowy crests. Petrels have been observed 3,000 miles from the nearest land.

ORIGIN OF SPOONS.—Two natural objects seem to have furnished the model for the spoon to primitive man, the river or sea shell and the leaf of plants. In Southern China shell spoons are still used that are closely reproduced in the familiar porcelain spoon of that country, while metal spoons are found in India on which are reproduced even the veins of the leaves from which they were copied.

BRIDE RING.—The old Italian custom has been introduced, dating from mediæval times, of the bride presenting the bridegroom with a ring. The ring is of iron or steel, wrought with letters of cabalistic meaning, inlaid with gold or silver, and sometimes set with a precious stone. "May God protect the wearer," in Arabic characters, is a favorite inscription. Moonstones or star-sapphires, protecting the wearer from evil; or weird red and green Alexandrites, are often set in these rings.

ST. PATRICK.—St. Patrick is reported to have cleared Ireland of vermin. When he came to deal with the serpents, one wily old brute resisted his authority. Superior cunning, however, prevailed; a box was prepared, and the obstinate reptile was persuaded to enter it. Once inside, the lid was slammed down, and the receptacle was thrown into the sea. The legend declares that waves are caused by the writhing of the serpent in its efforts to be free, and that the sad sound of the sea is the hissing and moaning of the reptile in its futile protests against imprisonment.

TURKISH BABIES.—When a babe is born in any house in Turkey, there is great rejoicing if it be a boy, less if a girl. The wife is proud for a while, but Turkish women are not good mothers. They are too childlike themselves. When a girl is born to a Sultan, they fire seven guns; when a boy, twenty-one. The boys die early; the girls are more apt to live. This is supposed to be a divine interposition of Providence to prevent too many claimants to the throne. Babies are dressed like mummies in swaddling-clothes for six months. Then the boys are put in trousers, sometimes in generals' or colonels'" regularly made.

BLUE STOCKINGS.—Once upon a time a particular kind of stocking became the badge of a certain learned clique. It was a blue stocking, and the society that sported it came into existence in Venice in the year 1400. Nearly two centuries elapsed before the craze spread, but then a highly-inflammable nation—the French—took it up, and no one with any pretensions to erudition rested content without the Bas-bleu Club distinction. The same space of time passed by, and the fad spread to England where blue-stockings existed until 1810, when in the person of the Countess of Cork, the last scion of an ancient coterie expired. This is how we get the modern appellation. "Blue-stocking," usually tacked on as a term of opprobrium to someone more learned than the generality of people, especially if that someone be a young girl, and if she be careless about her clothes and personal appearance.

MIGRATING SQUIRRELS.—Seldom have squirrels been so plentiful as they are now in Southern Indiana. They are swarming in great numbers on the Knobs, north of Jeffersonville, and are advancing toward the Ohio. Evidently the little animals are migrating, and are coming in from the north. They seem to pay but little attention to hunters and dogs, and are not much afraid of the crack of the shotgun. At night they are observed crossing the smaller streams by swimming and on the bridges. Farmers say many of them cross at almost any time of the day, but especially early in the morning. Meanwhile they are a plague in the cornfields. From the river townships the reports come that the woods are crowded with them.

A STATISTICIAN of the German Government has come to the rescue of those persons who do not share the wide-spread superstition that Friday is the most unlucky day of the week. A short time ago he determined to make a scientific investigation of this question. The most fatal or unfortunate week day, according to the investigator, is not Friday but Monday.

THE TRUCE OF DEATH.

BY P. S. M.

The rolling angry clouds from southward
came,
Painting the waves beneath a sullen black,
At times a jagged lightning flame
Lit up the track.

Across the sunlit skies the storm clouds flew,
The noonday was resolved to twilight gloam,
The waves aloft in terror threw
Their crests of foam.

Then came a pale white cloud; it seemed to
ride
Between the tempest and the raging sea.
"A flag of truce," the landsman cried,
Laughing in glee.

"Ay, ay," the seaman said, and as he spoke
Across the waters swept a chilling breath,
While thundering the tempest broke,
"The truce of death."

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," "HUSHED UP," "OWEN DALE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A TACIT sort of flirtation, a kind of assumed mutual understanding, kept up by Lance for reasons of his own, had existed between these two for a long time, and had been supposed by most people, Sir Geoffrey Tresham amongst the number, to indicate but one determination, Whether Polly herself dreamed of such an ultimatum, Captain Tresham, with his usual shirking of a disagreeable possibility, would not allow himself to wonder; but certainly, if bright glances meant anything, she was unaffectedly glad to see him to-day.

"They've got a houseful at the Park to meet you," he remarked, leaning against the hood of the victoria, waiting for the luggage to be brought out, with his tawny moustache a good deal nearer than was necessary to Miss Carstairs's rosy cheek, which, against the handsome collar of Persian lamb adorning her dark blue travelling-cloak, looked rosier than ever. "The Grants, Captain and Mrs. Trevor, General Greeley and—oh, Seldon is coming, by-the-bye! I know you'll be glad to hear that. He's back from Persia or Kamtchatka, or wherever he went last, and arrives to-morrow, I believe. Why, Polly, I declare you're blushing! He's not another victim, is he? I thought you and he were always at daggers drawn."

"So we are. Victim indeed! I think I'm the victim where Mr. Seldon is concerned," said Miss Carstairs rather vindictively. "The last time he took me in to dinner he was polite enough to tell me that my belonging to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was nothing but a sham, because I happened to be wearing a dress trimmed with stuffed swallows, and when I told him that, if he thought so, he'd better send away his snipe without eating it, for the only difference I could see between us was that I liked my birds outside and he preferred them in, he actually said it was of no use reasoning with a woman! I'm glad he's coming, though," she added, after a moment's pause. "I rather enjoy getting a rise out of Mr. Seldon; he's always so deadly honest; and that in itself is a novelty in these days, when all are so fond of making believe they're something one knows they're not."

The heiress's comely face looked actually sentimental for a minute, and Captain Tresham's conscience gave him a reproachful prick.

"Oh, yes; Dick Seldon's a good fellow in his way," he said lightly, "and a lucky fellow too! If I were like him, independent of the caprices of others, and my own master——"

He was interrupted in the middle of this ambiguous speech by the approach of George the footman, followed by Miss Carstair's smart maid. Just in the rear, as if uncertain of her destination, came the young woman in black who had arrived by the same train.

"Luggage is all in, sir; but the cart's full," said the man-servant, pointing to where the stable-cart from the Park stood laden with boxes and bags, a good load for the stout little pony in the shafts. "Jim says it's as much as he can do to find room to drive. If Miss Carstairs would like the maid to go with her, shall I take the Red Lion fly for the young person, sir?"

"What young person? Who is she? Some one going to the Park?" asked Polly quickly, having caught the inquiry. "The new secretary, did you say?" she continued, in rather a lower key, as Lance whispered something in her ear. "What a funny idea! I thought they were always men—or birds!" added Miss Carstairs rather vaguely. "Oh, do get in here!" she called out in her unceremonious good-natured way to the shy silent stranger, much to the disgust of Miss Watkins. "There's plenty of room, and we can put up the small front seat for the maid; it's never worth while to take the fly for such a short distance," added the possessor of thousands, with the economic instinct invariably present in those who derive a fortune from trade.

Lance raised his hat—he was too innately a gentleman to be anything but courteous to a woman, whatever his station—and held out his hand to assist his uncle's new secretary into the victoria.

"Pray get in. I am sure Miss Carstairs wishes it, and the drive is such a short one," he said politely. His quick eye had detected that the young lady moved with a slight limp, using her umbrella as a walking-stick; and he took her shabby little hand-bag from her as a matter of course, just as he had taken the heiress's smart Russia-leather gold-monogrammed bag a few minutes previously.

But the new-comer hesitated.

"I would rather walk—you say it is not far—and then I should not inconvenience any one," she said timidly.

Her voice was peculiarly low, but Miss Carstairs heard the proposition.

"Inconvenience? Nonsense! Jump in!" she cried, with impetuous good-nature. "It's nearly dark, and you'll get lost or something; and then what would Sir Geoffrey say to us, I wonder?"—throwing back the crimson-lined carriage-rug to make room for the stranger beside her. "There—now we're all right! No room for you, Captain Tresham. Never mind; you'll console yourself with a cigar, I dare say, and we shall meet at dinner. Tell them to drive on, will you? It's getting chilly."

She threw herself back in her corner of the victoria as she spoke, kissing the ungloved fingers of a strong white hand flashing with valuable rings gaily to Lance as he stood aside to let the carriage pass.

"Handsome, isn't he?" she exclaimed presently, with sudden outspoken frankness, to the dark-robed figure at her side, as the victoria rolled swiftly along the wide level country road, with its high hedges bare of leaf, and the delicate tracery of great trees here and there, stripped of their summer green, standing out lace-like against the gray winter sky.

The new secretary paused before she answered.

"I don't know; I hardly looked at the gentleman," she said at length, finding that a reply was expected.

"Didn't you? Oh, it doesn't take much looking to find that out!" said Polly Carstairs carelessly. "There's no doubt as to his looks; but, my dear, he's as unstable as water," she added with a faint sigh and a queer little shake of her head.

To this last sapient remark her companion hazarded no reply whatever.

* * * * * *

The general "rendezvous" for afternoon tea and gossip at Tresham Park was the inner hall, as it was called—a large low ante-room, shut off by heavy screens and "portieres" from the great staircase and groin-roofed front entrance, which, being the oldest portion of the building, was not very amenable to modern ideas of comfort or decoration.

The house itself dated back to the early Plantagenet days, as might be seen by the thick walls and narrow lancet-headed windows still figuring in what remained of the original structure. But, as time went on, and each succeeding Tresham added to his abode according to his own peculiar fancy with regard to architecture, the ultimate result consisted of a motley pile, in which the Tudor period with its Elizabethan casements and gable ends contrasted oddly enough with the oriel windows and heavy Gothic porches of an earlier and less florid style of building.

But, if the house was admittedly incongruous outside, it more than carried out its reputation within. To Miss Lavinia Tresham, the cheery more than middle-aged spinster who discharged the duties of hostess to her brother Sir Geoffrey's large establishment, the Chippendale period was a sealed book, and the name of Sheraton a mere empty sound; while those of Battersea and Bow were more suggestive to her ears of a bridge and a bell than of any treasured or choice specimens of the potter's art.

A chair was a chair, according to Miss Tresham's lights, and a table a table; and whether the one had the "carambole" legs and florid curves of the Louis Quatorze era, and the other the slim proportions and spindle shanks of the Chippendale school mattered not one jot, even if they stood side by side, supposing they fulfilled their office efficiently.

The result of this ignorance on the subject of art was however far from unpleasant to the casual observer; and, although a genuine collector of "bibelots" might tear his hair at the sight of a Liberty bamboo "etagere," adorned with clay idols and modern Satsuma ware, placed cheek by jowl with a Cinque Cento cabinet loaded with Sevres and Dresden toys, or shudder at a gaudy Japanese fan that cost but a few pence sharing a buhl bracket in company with a beaker of old Venetian glass, and a real Louis Seize mirror framed in cupids nestling amongst true lovers' knots, the general effort of such daring anachronisms was rather successful than otherwise, and fully justified the encomiums passed upon them by Miss Lavinia's large circle of admiring friends and acquaintances.

"The loveliest old house in Creamshire, my dear Miss Tresham—we always say so—and the most exquisitely furnished. But then you have such taste!"

Miss Tresham bore this and similar unmerited honors very meekly.

She was a good-tempered good-humored nonentity, whose mission in life apparently consisted in humoring her brother Geoffrey's whims, and in interposing herself as a sort of moral buffer between the angles of his somewhat irascible temper and the rest of the world with which he happened to come into contact. No matter what was the craze of the moment, Miss Lavinia offered no opposition to it; and, whether a gross of sewing-machines or an avalanche of clocks descended upon her, whether she found herself suddenly surrounded by an army of packing-cases filled with Salviati glass, or overtaken in a forest of old oak from Wardour street—the result of the old Baronet's periodical visits to town—she met each fresh invasion with the same unruffled calm.

"No use to say anything against it; it's Geoffrey's way," she merely said.

Ever since her early womanhood, when Fate seemed to have decreed that this oddly-matched brother and sister were to spend their lives together, Miss Tresham had found herself forced to give utterance to that one sentence from time to time, as an excuse for ill-advised, hasty, and occasionally outrageous conduct on Sir Geoffrey's part.

It was his "way" when he refused to advance a farthing towards paying his younger and only brother's debts, so that the rake and scapegrace of the family died in a miserable London slum, without the bare necessaries of life. It was his "way" to take the only child of that brother from his widowed mother, whose one crime lay in her having married the ne'er-do-well and struggled to keep him out of mischief, and bring up the boy in idleness and luxury, while his remaining parent struggled along, poor and uncared-for, on the miserable pittance allowed her till her death. It was his "way," when the lad grew into a man, with every natural and inherited fault he possessed fostered by injudicious training, to refuse to make any excuses for him, to threaten him with disinheritance for every extravagance, to try to exact from him an obedience and a respect for himself and his wishes which he had never attempted to enforce when his nephew was a child and amenable to discipline.

Poor Miss Lavinia did what she could. Her sympathies were always ready for everybody who needed them. She railed with Sir Geoffrey at Lance's multitudinous debts, at his sheer inability to keep his head above water, no matter how ample his allowance, one minute; while the next found her deploring his uncle's harshness to Lance himself, and giving him a cheque for a hundred pounds out of her own private account to keep him going.

"Lavvy's a rare hand for sport; she runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds!" Sir Geoffrey was wont to say, with a chuckle; and it must be confessed the criticism on Miss Tresham's usual habits was a fairly just one, although her rather perplexing trick of agreeing with every one in turn sprang from sheer amiability of character and not from any motives of self-interest.

"Dear, dear me, I wish they would come! I ought to have sent another wrap in the carriage, I am afraid; but William seemed to think the fur was plenty!" she ejaculated for the twentieth time, addressing no one in particular, while she dispensed tea and cream to the loungers round the tea-table. The ladies were in the majority, for most of the men, tired with a long day's shooting, had disappeared to the sacred realms of the billiard-room until dinner-time, leaving only Gerald Grant, a young Oxford undergraduate of advanced ideas and an ardent admirer of pretty Mrs. Trevor, to redeem by his presence the party from being what that lady somewhat irreverently styled a "hen convention."

"Wraps? Oh, my dear Miss Tresham, don't worry about them!" she now remarked carelessly, helping herself to a piece of hot cake from the dish that young Grant was offering her. "Polly is sure to have plenty of rugs and things of her own; and then she is as strong as Goliath. Nothing ever hurts her. I only wish I had her physique!"—and Mrs. Trevor, who was a small person with fair frizzy hair, held up one of her slim useless white hands to the light of the rose-shaded lamp at her elbow and looked at it mournfully.

"Oh, strength does not go by looks, in my opinion; the little women are always the most wiry!" chimed in Lady Louisa Grant with suspicious energy. She was engaged in never-ending warfare with Mrs. Trevor on the subject of her worshipped and only son, who presented to her daily the mortifying spectacle of being hopelessly infatuated with a married woman twice his age and up to all the worldly artifices to which Mrs. Trevor had recourse when playing off one admirer against another.

To tear the veil from her flimsy tricks and subterfuges had long been Lady Louisa's desire in a figurative sense. The worst of it was that Mrs. Trevor was seldom to be taken at a disadvantage.

"Wiry? Well, yes, I suppose one is better so," Mrs. Trevor remarked, as though deeply considering the question. "At any rate, that is preferable to being fat!"—with a glance at Lady Louisa's ample proportions. "I often say to my husband, 'Tom, I know I am heavier than I was last month!' And then I get him to weigh me just to make sure, you know. By-the-bye, Sir Geoffrey has a wonderful new machine, warranted not to make mistakes, hasn't he, Miss Tresham? I wonder if he would let me try it?"

"Why, of course! Come now!" exclaimed young Grant, rising with alacrity before his hostess had time to speak. But Mrs. Trevor had not finished demolishing her ladyship yet.

"Oh, not this minute, my dear boy! How impatient you are!" she said languidly. "And in this frock too, which is as heavy as lead!"—said at the plush train of her elaborate tea-gown. "No, no; wait till I am dressed for dinner. I shall have so little on then"—with charming frankness—"and it will be fairer, won't it? Oh, what is that hissing? Lady Louisa, did you hear it?"

For her ladyship had jumped up in extraordinary haste, upsetting a little table behind her, and muttering something with a good many s's in it under her breath, which sounded very like the words 'Shameless hussy!" to those seated nearest to her.

"Hissing, did you say, my dear? Oh, it's only the spirit-lamp!" answered Miss Tresham, making abortive attempts to extinguish the flame under the silver hot-water kettle. "Mr. Grant, perhaps you would kindly ring the bell for me! Lady Louisa, do let me give you a little more tea!" With admirable tact Miss Lavinia appeared quite unconscious that most of the contents of her guest's first cup had been deposited on the front breadths of her silk gown. "Ah, here is the General!"—as a tall soldierly-looking old man strolled into the room. "In good time for some tea! Or do you scorn it? I was just saying I hoped Miss Carstairs has not missed her train. But the carriage ought to be back before this; and Lance walked over to Brierly to meet her too. They should be here now. I wish you would tell me the exact hour by your watch. The fact is"—waxing confidential as General Greeley drew up his chair—"Sir Geoffrey has his own ideas about the clocks being set, and he won't let Symes regulate them so that they all keep the same time, because he objects to their all striking at once. The consequence is, each one is supposed to be ten minutes behind the other, and you have no idea how confused I get with them sometimes; but Geoffrey will—— There, now I hear wheels! Yes, they have arrived at last!"—as the great front-door bell sounded a ringing peal. "If you will excuse me an instant, I think I will just go and meet them myself." Miss Tresham rose from her seat and made her way into the hall to welcome her expected guest.

A rush of cold frosty air from without

greeted her. The hall-door still open, while two footmen were busily engaged in searching for Miss Carstairs' numerous bags and packages in the victoria. Polly herself stood before the great glowing fireplace, allowing Lance Tresham to divest her of the heavy fur-lined traveling-cloak that impeded her movements. By taking a short cut across the fields, he had contrived to arrive at the house as quickly as the carriage had done.

"So late! Yes, and half-frozen besides. Well, thank you, dear Miss Tresham, I think I will go to my rooms at once, and get a rest before dinner," she said carelessly in answer to her hostess's anxious queries, stooping and bestowing a hasty kiss upon Miss Lavinia's soft cheek.

It was easy to see that Miss Carstairs was a favored guest and on terms of easy familiarity with every one at the Park.

"The blue room, as usual, I suppose, and Watkins next door—so convenient! Where is Watkins?"—for that damsel had already disappeared under the convoy of the second footman. Only Sir Geoffrey's new secretary lingered timidly in the background—a small, black-robed, veiled figure, standing alone in the full glare of lamp and fire-light.

Tresham, pitying the stranger's evident friendlessness, whispered a word or two in his aunt's ear as he lounged past her, and disappeared beneath the velvet "portiere" shutting off the inner hall; and Miss Tresham, who was the soul of simple kindliness, hastened up to the new-comer at once, leaving Miss Polly to find her own way up-stairs."

"I did not remember about you for a minute, my dear; you must excuse me," she said, in a cordial tone, taking the small black gloved hand in her own aristocratic white one, sparkling with rings. "Miss Hastings—no, Hayward, isn't it?" she continued. "Yes, I thought so. Miss Carstairs brought you from the station with her, of course. I dare say you are cold and want some tea after your journey. Jenkins"—to the solemn-looking butler hovering near—"just send Rachel to me. The housemaid shall show you your room at once, Miss Hayward, and you must speak to me or to Mrs. Jackson, the housekeeper, remember, if you are not well waited on—I dare say"—in a half-interrogative tone—"you would prefer having your meals alone to taking them in the servants' hall?"

Miss Hayward colored under her veil.

"If you please, madam; I am more accustomed to being by myself," she said, in a shy low tone.

Miss Tresham nodded reassuringly.

"Very well, my dear. Then just ask Rachel to bring you whatever you want, and I hope you'll be comfortable while you are with us. Sir Geoffrey will show you the library and explain your duties to you to-morrow. I cannot do that, you see, because, between ourselves, I really don't understand them. You will have time to unpack and rest comfortably to-night, for this is my brother's day on the bench, and we have a dinner-party this evening, so that his time is fully occupied. Oh, here is Rachel!"—as a neat white-capped and aproned maid appeared on the scene. "Rachel, this is Miss Hayward, your master's new secretary. You have the rooms ready for her, I suppose? Mind you make her comfortable, and see that Mrs. Jackson sends up tea and cold meat, or whatever Miss Hayward likes best, to her directly. Good evening, my dear." And, with a kindly nod and smile, the hostess hurried away, leaving the new arrival to the guidance of the waiting-maid.

"A nice, quiet, unassuming sort of young woman Sir Geoffrey's lady-secretary seems to be," she whispered mysteriously to Lady Louisa Grant, as she resumed her seat at the afternoon tea-table. "She has just arrived, and I have been talking to her. To tell you the truth, it is quite a relief to my mind, for one never knows where Geoffrey's fads may end; and this idea of having a female to copy his manuscripts has struck me as being rather strange, I must say; but this young person appears harmless enough—most unassuming, and quite painfully shy."

At which confidence her ladyship, being inclined through circumstances to look upon things in a gloomy light just then, shook her head dolefully and replied that Miss Tresham knew best, of course; but that, for her part, she always thought the quiet ones the worst. They were sure to be deep; and so on.

CHAPTER V.

FROM Miss Hayward, Tresham Park, Creamshire, to Miss Jackman, 3, St. Margaret's Terrace, Hackney.

"Tuesday, November —.

"DEAREST JACK—Just a week to day since I arrived here, and, as I expected, I have had no chance of posting a letter to you myself till this afternoon, when I have asked leave to walk into Brierly to do a little shopping. You don't know what a comfort your two notes have been. Sometimes I feel as if something must be happening to Tots while I am away from him; and, when that idea gets hold of me, it is all I can do to keep from dashing down my pen, as I sit writing hour after hour at the great oak table in the library, and rush home then and there to the Cottage, regardless of consequences.

"How I wish I could send you a few lines every day to keep you au courant with my life in this place! I would do it gladly, if I dared; but of course it would not be safe. As it is, I almost tremble to write your address, although I know this letter will never leave my pocket until I drop it with my own hands into the Brierly post-office. You shall hear all particulars, nevertheless. I long to tell you how I am getting on; and, once this is posted, there can be no risk surely.

"To begin at the beginning, then, I arrived at the Brierly Station this day week at four o'clock, and the first person I spoke to on the platform was my husband. I am sure now that it was the very best thing that could possibly have happened to me; but just at the moment it was most terrible. It seemed so incredible, so monstrous somehow, that he should not recognize me at once, no matter in what disguise, that I believe I felt more than half angry and disappointed when I found I had succeeded beyond my utmost hopes, and that he was addressing me politely and in all good faith as a perfect stranger. He had walked over from the Park to meet Miss Carstairs, who, by some freak of fate, had arranged to travel by the same train from London and on the same day that I did; and, owing to her superfluity of luggage, there was no room for Sir Geoffrey's secretary in the cart, so the heiress was forced to offer her a lift in the carriage.

"It was like a dream—a very bad one, too, Jackie dear—to find myself a few minutes afterwards rolling swiftly along the country road, covered up with furs, the cold frosty air blowing in my face and Polly Carstairs sitting by my side. I had to pinch myself very hard once or twice to make sure I was really awake; and, when Miss Carstairs remarked carelessly that Lance was very handsome—of course we had left him behind to walk home from the station—I felt more than half inclined to pinch her too. There is something distinctly mortifying in abandoning one's own identity—rather like listening at a keyhole and hearing oneself roundly abused by one's best friend, I should imagine.

"My companion was very good-natured in talking and trying to draw me out during the short drive from Brierly to the Park; but on principle I was obliged to make myself as disagreeable as possible. She is just the sort of woman to take a delight in patronizing and noticing any one she fancied was overlooked or slighted in the least, partly from natural kind-heartedness and partly from that overweening idea of her own importance that is present with all very wealthy people; and the last thing I want is to become on familiar terms with her or any of the visitors in the house. To keep every one at arm's length, except old Sir Geoffrey, is my best chance of safety.

"My heart beat till I almost felt choked when the carriage passed through the lodge-gates and we drove up the grand beech avenue that Lance has told me about so often. It was nearly dark, of course, and the stars were beginning to come out; but I could see the great bare branches meeting above our heads and the long stretches of turf, gray-green in the winter twilight, beyond the trees on either side. Lights were twinkling here and there from numbers of windows, and there was an odd jumble of childish fairy tales in my head—Hop-o'-my-thumb arriving at the ogre's castle, the prince received in sumptuous state at the white cat's enchanted palace—when the victoria dashed up smartly to the great front-door; and it flew open as if by magic, disclosing a ruddy glow of warmth and light within.

"Lance was at the entrance to meet us—a short cut across the fields had enabled him to reach the house at the same time as the carriage—and I found myself standing silently beside Miss Carstairs' smart lady's-maid, watching my husband as he helped the heiress to disencumber herself of her traveling-cloak, and warmly welcoming her beneath what will, I suppose, be his own roof by-and-bye. Jackie dear, I did feel it very hard. I thought of Tots, his boy and mine, alone in his poor little nursery at home, playing with the common toys, which are all I can afford him, and asking for 'mother;' and it seemed too hard.

"It was lucky that old Miss Tresham—Lance's aunt, you know—who had just come into the hall to receive Miss Carstairs, was too busy to notice me at first; it gave me time to recover myself. Presently however, when Polly had swept off up-stairs in search of her maid, she came up and spoke to me very kindly.

"She is a dear old lady, the image of her photograph in what I call our Tresham book, with soft thick gray hair, and a delicate regular-featured face, something like Sir Geoffrey's on a reduced scale; in her dark velvet gown, with cap and ruffles of old lace, she reminded me of some enchanted princess or fairy godmother. But then, ever since I have been here, I have felt all my surroundings more or less of an illusion; there seems no reality in anything.

"It was a relief when the housemaid Miss Tresham sent for made her appearance and undertook to show me my rooms. The house is very large and rambling—at any rate it strikes me so, accustomed to the modest proportions of Mulberry Cottage. We passed along corridor after corridor, thickly carpeted, brightly light, and warmed with hot air. On either side were endless doors, dark and polished, with glittering brass handles, some shut, some just ajar, revealing glimpses of the luxurious apartments within. I cannot fancy myself the possessor of such an establishment.

"The idea of my ever reigning as mistress at Tresham Park has dwindled to an unsubstantial empty dream since I became a member of the household. The library is situated in the tower, as it is called, the oldest portion of the building and part of the original structure. There is a brass plate let into the wall just outside the low Gothic doorway, recording how it was erected by one Giles de Tresham in the year 1146, and defended by Lancelot de Tresham during the Wars of the Roses. A short winding staircase, about half the height of the tower, leads to the library, which is thus, as it were, cut off from the remainder of the house.

"The room itself is square, lofty, but not very large, with narrow slits of windows cut in the thick stone walls, and books everywhere, from floor to ceiling, the accumulation of hundreds of years, I suppose. There are two doors in the library—one leading into it from the staircase, and another which, when opened, reveals a short flight of oak steps, steep and narrow as a chicken's ladder, and slippery with age and boos'-waxing. These steps are the only approach to my two rooms, a small sitting-room or dressing-room, whichever you choose to call it, oak panelled, with a bed-room beyond; the dressing-room window opening on to a little stone baloony like a box, from which you can look down into the courtyard below, the tower being situated in what is now the back part of the house, but which also commands a fine view of the surrounding country.

"'You'll find it a trifle lonely up here by yourself of a night, miss, I'm afraid,' said the housemaid civilly, as she stirred the fire in the little old-fashioned grate into a blaze, and proceeded to light the candles on the dressing-table. 'You see you're quite away from everybody like, and the wind do 'owl about this old tower awful, especially in winter time; but there's one thing, when you've once locked your door there's not a soul can get to you as you're safe enough; and, if you want a bit of company, Miss Jackson, the housekeeper, will always be glad to see you in the parlor of an evening. Only the upper servants sits there, of course; and we're quite select, I can assure.'

"I thanked her politely, and said I should like to pay Mrs. Jackson a visit occasionally very much, but that I was tired that evening with my journey and would go to bed as early as possible, having heard from Miss Tresham that Sir Geoffrey was not likely to require my services till next morning.

"'Bless you, no; I should think not! He's other fish to fry to night,' said the girl laughingly. 'The house is always turned upside down when Miss Carstairs comes to stay. She brought you over in the carriage with her from the station, didn't she; and Miss Watkins, the maid, too? A fine rage Miss Watkins was in at having to sit with her back to the horses. I heard her saying she'd a mind to give Miss Carstairs warning for it as I passed the door of the housekeeper's room just now; but she'll not do that; she knows too well which side her bread's buttered!'

"'I suppose the young lady I came with—Miss Carstairs—often stays here then? Is she a great favorite with Sir Geoffrey?' I asked carelessly, as I nerved myself to put up my veil and unfasten my close black bonnet. If only I had not to wear this detestable wig I should feel so much more at my ease; I cannot get over the idea that everybody's eyes are always fixed upon it.

"'Favourite? I should think so!' replied my companion. 'People as rich as Miss Carstairs are generally favorites, I think—leastways with the men! They do say she's worth half a million of money, and Sir Geoffrey is just wild that Captain Tresham—that's his nephew, and heir to the property, you know—should marry her; they've been keeping company off and on for a long time now, but nothing seems to come of it. Some say the Captain don't care for her, and some that she likes somebody better than she does him, and only carries on with him to amuse herself like; but I did hear that Sir Geoffrey was determined to have the matter settled this time, and no more shilly-shally!'

"'But I cannot see that Sir Geoffrey has much to do with it; surely Captain Tresham is old enough to please himself!' I said, just to draw the girl out a little. She laughed.

"'Old enough? Yes—I should think so; but he isn't his own master any the more for that! Sir Geoffrey has paid his debts again and again, and folks say that, if the Captain does not marry to please him at last, the old man will disinherit him and leave his money away from the family entirely. He's a nice gentleman, Captain Tresham; we're all fond of him down here—but we don't see much of him, as a rule!'

"'Where does he live then, principally?' I forced myself to ask, as I drew a chair before the fire and stretched my cold hands to the blaze. The maid threw on a shovelful more coals and turned to go.

"'Live? Oh, I don't know! In London, I suppose, mostly,' she said, in a careless tone. 'Those bachelor gentlemen don't have any fixed residences, as a rule, or, if they do, it isn't always convenient to let their friends know where it is, you see. In my last place the eldest son had been married for years to a widow twice his age with five children, and not a soul knew a word about it till his father died and he came into the property; and she turned up at the family-place on the day of the funeral as bold as brass, and claimed her rights before everybody. My, there was a fuss! But, law, miss, you do look pale! I'll run and get your tea at once, and a slice of ham with it. I expect the journey has knocked you up like!'

"She hurried out of the room as she spoke, and I took advantage of her absence to subject my own appearance to an exhaustive and merciless scutiny in the old-fashioned mirror on my toilet-table. The result was satisfactory. A chance gesture or trick of movement into which I might be surprised during some moment of excitement would, I suppose, betray my identity to my husband even now; but otherwise, I believe, he might encounter his uncle's new secretary every day—might even exchange a few common-place remarks with her—without ever recognising in her his own unacknowledged yet lawful wife.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHOTOGRAPHIC SCIENCE.—It is now stated in a French journal devoted to photographic science that, to transfer ordinary albumen prints to wood metal, glass, or porcelain, it is sufficient to thoroughly clean the surface to which the image is to be transferred, if it is a polished or a glossy one, and to smooth it if it is a rough one, then to coat with a thin layer of copal varnish, and to place the toned and fixed albumen print upon it while still wet. All the air bubbles and the excessive varnish are to be pressed out by means of a squeegee, or an india-rubber roller, and the whole allowed to dry for about four hours; after this time the back of the print is to be moistened by means of a sponge, when it may be lifted off its support, while the albumen film, together with the picture, remains on it. The image is now to be coated once more with copal varnish in order to protect it and to render it more brilliant. A reversed transfer is obtained in this way, if, however, gelatine negatives, which can be stripped from their glass support, or transparent films are used, a reversed print may be obtained on albumen paper, and this one transferred in the manner above explained.

A BACKWARD GLANCE.

M. C. GILLINGTON.

Were all the ways wherein you went,
In plenitude of calm content,
Of old,
Without my presence, lone or cold?

Were all the flowers that, year by year,
You watched, and kissed, and held so dear,
Less sweet,
Before God willed we two should meet?

Was every song and sweet refrain,
Whereof your lips are now so fain,
Unsung,
Or meaningless, without Love's tongue?

For now, in looking backward, I
Discern no light nor melody,
Nor find
Any dear memory soul-enshrined;

Nor can I see aught blest or bright,
Aught of loveworthy, aught of right
Or true,
Until the day that brought me you.

Mr. Limpet's Dilemma.

BY L. E.

YES, my dear," Mr. Limpet said, cheerfully; "if you think so."

He had assented, as he generally did, to any proposition his pretty wife advanced; but he was troubled by a guilty conscience of having set the seal of his approval on something he did not quite understand.

Mrs. Limpet was in the habit of setting the same dish of conversational fare before him, evening after evening, and he had grown rather absent-minded over it. He knew that he was safe, as a rule, if he said "yes" or "no," as the inflexion of her voice suggested an affirmative or a negative.

"If I think so, Marmy! I believe your thoughts were a hundred miles away, and you did not hear a word I was saying."

"Indeed, my dear, I did. You said it would be better to have a governess of our own for the children, and someone to assist in the housework, and a needlewoman, and a companion for yourself. Of course, if you think we can afford it, I have no objection; but Jessie is growing up, and I thought she might have assisted in the needlework, and been a companion to you."

"Really, Mr. Limpet, I have no patience with you; as if I would allow Jessie to spoil her fingers with anything of the kind. Oh! you need not look at my hands; I know of what you are thinking; but if I did use to make my own dresses, the more shame for those who let me, and it is mean of you to remind me of it. I only said my daughter shall not do it. I want her to marry a gentleman."

"You were none the worse for it, my dear," he observed, quietly; "and you married me."

Mrs. Limpet colored under the gentle rebuke. There were times when her placid-tempered, easy-going husband did assert himself, for he had a dignity of his own, and felt that some respect was due to the position he had gained by hard work and self denial.

"Now, you know I meant no offence," she hastened to say, "but you are so touchy; though a better husband never lived, as I tell everybody. But you could not have been listening to me. What I did say is this: it would be much better to have a governess of our own, some nice young person handy with her needle, and not above a little housework if required. There are many who would be glad to have the comforts of such a home, and be a companion to me."

"No doubt," said Mr. Limpet, "there are many—too many—who would be glad of a home on any terms; but an educated woman, with the qualifications I should like the teacher of my children to possess, would require a higher salary than I should care to give."

"What would you call a high salary?"

"From seventy to a hundred a year."

"Nonsense, Marmaduke. I can get one for twenty. So many people, poor professional men and others, bring their daughters up above their station, that there are thousands glad of a home, even with no salary. You leave it to me. We could not send the three girls to any decent school under thirty pounds a year each; and then there is Don, and he, of course, could learn with his sisters. So, you see what we should save. And then I have them under my own eye. I see that they are properly fed, and kept away from bad companions, besides the danger of catching who knows what illness. It is an excellent plan, I think—don't you?"

"Very well," he said, meekly; "and, I see, you have given our address for personal application too. Why, my dear Julia, you will have the Crescent in a state of siege."

"You leave that to me," Julia said. "I shall close on the spot with the one that suits me, and tell the others I will write. You see, I have said between three and four, and those who come after four will be told I am suited."

Mr. Limpet thought of the many applicants it would bring, and wondered, with a sense of pain, at the little consideration she had for the toilers of her own sex, for she herself, in her young days, had known what it was to work for her bread.

The advertisement appeared, and as he had predicted, the Camden Town Crescent—a perfectly straight thoroughfare, by-the-way—was in a state of siege. There were precocious, intellectual girls of seventeen or so, trying hard to look like twenty-five; and careworn, wistful women of forty, who had done their best to reduce their age by fifteen years. At three precisely Mrs. Limpet sat in state and opened her reception, and in less than half an hour she had made her choice. This was a slender girl, demure and respectful, dressed in the plainest black, and with no suggestion of beauty in her face, or grace in her figure. Her name was Caroline Masson, and she was very modest concerning her acquirements. She was very glad, she said, that languages were not indispensable, as she had only been three years in France and two in Berlin.

Mrs. Limpet reassured her by saying that she did not expect a professor, and in half a dozen sentences made so many little lapses that Miss Masson wondered where the educational superintendence would come in; but she was a young lady of discernment, and saw that here she could ensure a shelter with unstinted comfort, if not luxury, though it might not be at a home. In less than a half an hour she had mastered the leading points in the character of the lady, whose twenty pounds a year, with some lofty patronage, she was going to accept. In Miss Masson's own expressive mental summary, Mrs. Limpet, with her contradictory elements of meanness and extravagance, secretiveness and indiscretion, blind confidence, and groundless jealousy, only wanted "managing."

All the details were settled satisfactorily and soon. Miss Masson could come that same day should Mrs. Limpet so desire it. Her own immediate relations lived on the Norfolk coast, but she had been staying with an aunt at Stratford, where she had a few pupils, but they were so far apart, and the pay was so uncertain, that she was not sorry to relinquish them for a permanent engagement indoors, and in such a pleasant house as she was sure Mrs. Limpet's would be.

"It is my aim to make everybody about me 'appy," Mrs. Limpet said; "and though of course one doesn't expect everything for twenty pounds a year, still, has things go, I think it very good remuneration. My 'usband can get plenty of clerks for the same, with German and shorthand to begin with, but in one's own 'ouse you make a difference. I look upon you as one of the family, and you will be treated as such."

Miss Masson thanked her without the quiver of an eyelid, and was introduced to the children. The eldest, a tall, pale, dark-eyed girl of thirteen, with an embarrassing amount of coolness and self-assurance; the two younger, Bessie and Trissy, were respectively eleven and nine, and if Trissy did not prove to be as full of sly mischief as a monkey is, the governess felt that she had made a mistake in her reading. Bessie was shy and nervous, but whatever trouble Miss Masson anticipated in dealing with these different temperaments, was more than compensated by the son Gordon. "Don" they called him—a beautiful, bright, large-limbed, fair-haired boy of seven, ready to meet the slightest encouragement with frank and trustful affection. Miss Masson took him on her lap with a curious hysterical cry like a sob, and kissed him passionately.

"He is so like my own little brother," she said, in half apologetic explanation, "and I am very fond of children."

Mrs. Limpet was fond of children, her own; but her love for other people's had never brought tears to her eyes. Miss Masson must be a rather emotional young lady, she thought. Still, it was an amiable weakness—one that would make her willing to undertake extra work as nurse and needlewoman, if required. On the whole, the lady of the house in Delaunay Terrace, Camden Town, was very well satisfied.

Miss Masson entered upon her duties that same evening. She came with her luggage and her aunt—the respectable wife of a Stratford tradesman in the fancy line.

"We have been there twenty years," this lady said, "and you can make any inquiries you like about us. As for my niece Carrie, I only wish our means would have enabled us to keep her altogether, for a better hand with children, or a more accomplished girl, you would not meet in a day's march."

"I can generally judge for myself," Mrs. Limpet said; "and I took a fancy to Miss Masson at first sight. As for a reference, I don't think it is the slightest value whatsoever. There's nothing like a trial. We shall know in a month's time whether we suit each other or not."

In spite of this, Mr. Limpet, with the acquired caution of a business man, would have instituted a full inquiry into the antecedents of the strange girl who was about to take charge of his children, and he would rather have had his information from her own family and neighbors at Norfolk, than her aunt at Stratford; but when he hinted it, he was told it was just like his mean, suspicious ways, and he only wanted to hinder the poor girl from getting an honest living.

"I suppose she is not pretty enough for your lordship," Julia said, paralyzing the most inoffensive man in Camden Town by the very wildness of the accusation. "You thought, when I said five-and-twenty, I was going to get some dressed-up doll, who would chatter in French, and look an ornament at the piano, for you to play the fool with; but I know you of old, Mr. Marmaduke Limpet, and haven't forgotten you on the yacht at Hastings, when you put my own shawl over that painted thing who pretended she was cold. I'd have shawled her, and you too, if I had not been too much of a lady to make a scene. And now because this poor girl is plain and sensible, and likes me, you want to turn her out; but you won't, Mr. Limpet; and let me catch you so much as looking at her, if you dare!"

Mr. Limpet exchanged his slippers for his boots, and went for a stroll to see his brother-in-law, who lived not far away. He knew what to expect when Julia referred to the Hastings business; it had been nothing but an act of kind politeness tendered to a fellow passenger, who had not come prepared for the rough weather they encountered on the pleasure boat; but it cost him a new bonnet, a sealskin jacket, and a diamond ring in the way of peace offerings.

"And is she plain?" asked Mr. James Merreys, Julia's brother, over a cigar in that free-and-easy gentleman's own particular den.

"On my honor, Jim, I could not tell you; I scarcely looked at her. I thought her rather lady-like and pretty, with a very graceful figure; but, good gracious, what have her looks to do with me?"

"You should put your foot down, old man," said Merreys, bringing his own to the carpet with a stamp that shook the house. "Do as I do, treat them properly, and not stand any nonsense; take the reins into your own hands before her temper gets beyond her own management, and she plays the mischief with you. I would."

"Ah, it's all very well for you," Limpet said, shaking his head; "but you are only her brother, you see, and I am her husband, which," he added, with a heavy sigh, "makes all the difference."

Julia filled her own life with small troubles. She had no sense of system or discipline. The children petted one moment, and stormed at the next, did very much whatever they felt inclined, and took the consequences. The servants, left to do their work in their own way, were very often in a muddle, and by the time the head of the establishment came home, his wife, worn out and fretful, had nothing to entertain him with but a list of her grievances; and the man, with the cares of the bread-winner, and the future of his children upon him, wanted sympathy and rest.

Better days came to him, however, with the advent of Miss Masson. She won the children's affection and confidence, played with them, told them stories, and was their most pleasant companion; but during the hours set apart for their lessons, not a single minute wasted.

"Not but what I must admit that Miss Masson is a perfect treasure," she told her friend, Mrs. Cancurr, a lady who, having no children of her own, and nothing particular to do, gave her acquaintances and neighbors the benefit of her wisdom and experience. "I sometimes wonder how she finds time for it all, and she never seems in a hurry; but of course I bring everything for her; and then we have such nice evenings at home. He likes music, and she can play. I know what music is, though I am not much of a performer; and she certainly can play, and Marmy generally finds something to talk about, which he never used to do."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Cancurr, drily.

"As for the children," Julia went on, though that dry "dear me" lingered with irritating significance on her ear, "they are not a bit like the same; they never quarrel now; they mind every word I say, and their father never has to speak twice to them. A nicer girl than Miss Masson, and one more better behaved, never came into anybody's house, and as I have her under my own eyes morning, noon, and night, I ought to know."

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Cancurr, the feathers and ornaments on her bonnet trembling and jingling as she rose in majestic and sarcastic indignation; "some people are so wise in their own conceit, that they think they can see everything, till they find out too late how they have been deceived. Your brother James, too—a nice one to quote, I must say! Such a tyrant and a brute as he is! telling my own husband that if I belonged to him he would break my neck, or put a padlock on my tongue. I should like to see him do it. But good morning, Mrs. Limpet; I shall not trouble you again, and I hope you will always be as happy with your perfect treasure."

She was a very portly lady, with rather a stately walk, and there were those who said that not a little of her impressive deportment was due to the decanter of eau-de-vie, kept for medicinal purposes in a corner of her wardrobe.

She had plenty of money, and was liberal in making presents; and on the strength of these, she generally carried matters with a high hand. She fully expected Julia would repent and call her back, but she waited in vain, Mrs. Limpet let her go, and never dreamed that she had made an enemy; not an active one, but one who would take full advantage of any opportunity that came in her way.

"Let her take her mischief somewhere else," Mrs. Limpet thought; "people who only come to make others uncomfortable are better away. Trying to make me jealous of my Marmaduke, and with poor Carrie Masson. What next, I wonder? A girl who only wants one holiday a month, and is always home before nine, and she even set the girls their lessons before she went out this morning!"

She knew in her own mind that Mrs. Cancurr's hints and suggestions were totally without foundation, and yet that lady had not been gone one hour before Julia began to wish she had not offended her; perhaps she knew more than she said; and when Julia came to think of it, there was something reserved and over-cautious about Caroline Masson, and Marmaduke did seem to enjoy his evenings at home. Not that Mrs. Limpet was going to be jealous, but she would keep her eyes open.

Her eyes would have opened very wide indeed if she had been in the city an hour later, and seen Mr. Limpet, her Marmaduke, and Miss Masson taking a cosy lunch together at the back of a pastrycook's shop in Cornhill.

The governess, travelling from Camden Town to Stratford, had to change omnibuses at the Bank, and there Mr. Limpet, intent on his midday chop or cutlet, saw her waiting. On the impulse of the moment, he asked her to take a cup of coffee or chocolate, just as he would have invited a man to have a glass of wine; and Caroline, cramped and cold with her ride, readily consented.

It was one of the most pleasant half-hours he remembered, and it was not till a broad, familiar back in velvet and lace, surmounted by a forest of feathers and jet in the shape of a bonnet, passed him in a Fenchurch street vehicle, that he realized the enormity of his indiscretion.

"She did not see us, thank goodness!" he said, shaking hands hurriedly with Miss Masson. "That terrible woman—Mrs. Cancurr, I mean—she just passed us, with her back this way. I am very glad, for it has just occurred to me that you had better not mention it to Mrs. Limpet that you saw me this morning, she is so peculiar."

They had been standing at the pastrycook's door, and he was gone before Caroline could protest against making a secret of their accidental and harmless meeting. She felt sure that the secrecy was a mistake.

Miss Masson moved slowly away from that crowded part of the pavement, after thoughtfully watching Mr. Limpet till he was lost sight of in the busy throng, and she had not gone far when her shoulder

was touched by an unceremonious finger. Wondering who had ventured on such an unusual familiarity, she turned with a proud inquiry on her face, and saw Mrs. Cancurr.

"Now, whoever would have thought of seeing you in the city?" that lady said, taking her hand effusively. "What are you doing here, my dear? There's some gentleman in the case, I daresay."

"I am simply waiting for the Stratford 'bus, Mrs. Cancurr."

"Then you must have been waiting a long time, if you came straight on, for you were gone when I called. You got along very well with Mrs. Limpet, don't you?"

"Very well, indeed."

"Ah! a nice creature she is; but her temper is such a pity! Not that I mind, as an old friend of hers. And Mr. Limpet, you are a favorite of his, are you not?"

"He is kind enough to be satisfied with the care I take of his children."

"No doubt, and so he should be. Poor fellow! he must have the patience of a martyr to put up with what he does. Your 'bus coming, is it? Well, good-bye, unless you will take the next. I am going to see my lawyer. I had money with both my husbands before I married Cancurr, and I mean to have a settlement out of him, or know the reason why. I—dear me, how people do drive one about, to be sure!"

Miss Masson had escaped to her omnibus, avoiding the nose of a cab-horse and the shaft of a newspaper cart with a quiet agility which made Mrs. Cancurr shudder; and she looked after the girl with a glance of spiteful admiration.

"The artful minx! with her short answers for me, and not a word about coming out of the pastry-cook's with that deceitful wretch of a Limpet! I daresay they are often there, but I shall soon find out; I have been a regular customer for years."

There was a decided expression of satisfaction on her florid countenance when she left the refreshment-room, after a leisurely repast and an interview with the waitress, who, on the strength of Mrs. Cancurr's description, confused Limpet's identity with that of a middle-aged stockbroker, who lunched there rather frequently with his young wife. The lady of three matrimonial experiences, felt sure that Mrs. Limpet knew nothing of these meetings, and was longing to tell her, but her injured dignity would not let her go to the crescent till an apology had been made.

When Marmaduke went home that evening, Julia was so good-tempered, that he felt inclined to tell her he had met Miss Masson in the early afternoon. He would have done so had he not placed Carrie under a pledge of secrecy, for which he was sorry now. On the whole, however, it might be as well to say nothing about it; one word would lead to a thousand questions, and he was not in the mood to answer them. A serious discovery had been made in his business that day, a systematic robbery had been going on for some considerable period, and he, as the head of the firm, had been obliged to take the matter in hand.

He was thinking it over, when Julia startled him by a very simple observation:

"Mrs. Cancurr was here this morning."

"Yes?" he said, guiltily.

"Quite early; before twelve, I think."

He breathed again.

"It's a pity she can find nothing better to do than going about making mischief. I stood it as long as I could, and then I gave her a bit of my mind. She won't come here again in a hurry!"

Marmaduke heard this with inward rapture, and most fervently he hoped that Mrs. Cancurr would never come again.

"I knew you would find her out, sooner or later!" he said. "I was sure you had too much good sense to be taken in for ever; she was always a presumptuous, meddlesome woman, and we shall be much happier without her. I saw a very handsome sealskin jacket, the new shape, in St. Paul's, as I came home to-day; I think it would fit you; only five and thirty guineas."

Julia was going to kiss him, but stopped.

"Would you like me to give my old one to Miss Masson, Marmy?"

"Good gracious, no!" he said, innocently; "it would be certainly out of place. What you can wear, as the wife of a rich, or a fairly prosperous city man, is one thing, and what becomes her as a governess is quite another!"

He had the kiss now with interest, and he detained her in the chair by his side, wishing they could always be like this.

"I speak of being rich," he observed, "but we should soon come to grief if I did not keep my eyes open. I had to refer to one of the ledgers, only three months old, and I saw one entry that I know must be wrong, and making a private examination, unknown to the employes, I find we are nearly a thousand pounds out!"

"Marmaduke!"

"I shall have a detective here to-morrow evening, Julia; he is a gentlemanly fellow, and you need not let the servants or Miss Masson know what he is. These things have to be managed very quietly, and I do not want him to be seen at the office. I am going to place the entire staff under surveillance; we have one or two rather rackety young fellows in the firm, and it is natural to suspect them, but it is sometimes the elderly and most trusted servants who take advantage of their position. Not a word, mind, about the detective!"

He knew he could depend upon her discretion when she gave her promise, and the detective, a gentlemanly fellow, as Limpet had said, called the next evening.

He was shown into the dining-room at first, where his eyes rested for a moment on Miss Masson, who was arranging a picture alphabet for Don. The whole six and twenty blocks rolled to the floor, and she was on her knees picking them up, when Mr. Limpet took his visitor to the study.

"How long has that young person in black been with you?" the detective asked.

"Eight or nine months. Why do you ask? Do you know anything about her?"

"I know nothing wrong of her, but I had her husband through my hands nearly two years ago. He will be out soon. He had two years for changing forged cheques. At Norfolk that was. I belong to Norfolk. I came up on purpose for your case, as I am not known in London. Her name is Ryder—Mrs. Ryder; it was Masson. Her father is a doctor—most respectable old gentleman. She has a boy—a pretty little chap—about the same age as yours."

"Poor thing!" said Limpet, feelingly. "I am very sorry for her. Her conduct has been all I could desire, but of course I cannot keep her here—a felon's wife, as my children's governess."

"No one else is obliged to know it, sir. I shall not mention it, and there are plenty who believe him innocent—made a cat's-paw of, as it were; but I thought it right that you should know, as the head of the house."

The head of the house thanked him, and decided to keep Miss Masson's secret as she had kept his. When he had given the detective his instructions and let him out, Mr. Limpet went into the dining-room and saw the governess there alone. Don had insisted on being taken to bed by his mother.

Miss Masson looked at her employer, and saw that he knew, yet she asked him to make sure.

"Did that gentleman say anything about me, sir?"

"Yes. He told me everything, but you need not be afraid—it will go no further."

"You will not tell anyone?" she said, wistfully.

"No one. He will be out soon, and I will see what I can do for him; till then, it shall be a secret between you and me."

Mrs. Limpet was descending the stairs, and distinctly heard her husband utter the last nine words. She was on her way to the larder for a piece of cake Don had coaxed her out of, with a promise that she would take it back to him herself, and she thought they were spoken to the detective in reference to the business on hand.

It did not occur to her till later on—till next day, in fact—that the man had gone, and, unless she had dreamed them, those nine words must have been spoken to Miss Masson.

But the next day, while out for a morning walk, she met Mrs. Cancurr, and that lady, putting aside her dignity for her own purposes, soon effected a reconciliation.

"It was my fault," she admitted. "But I was not aware you had such faith in your 'perfect treasure.' I was not to know you allowed her and Mr. Limpet to lunch together in the city."

Julia turned upon her in a stony stupor of bewilderment.

"To do what, Mrs. Cancurr?"

"Lunch together at the pastrycook's, near Cornhill. I saw them myself, and spoke to her directly he had gone; but, of course, you know."

Mrs. Limpet heard the whole dreadful story, and could not doubt it. Her informant volunteered to go back with her, and confront the feminine culprit; but Julia preferred to do that alone.

She went home trembling with fury, and deeply hurt, for she had grown fond of Carrie. She attacked the poor girl with such violence, that the servants interfered, in fear that some mischief might be done.

"Perhaps it's as well for you to keep me from her," Julia said to the housemaid, "or I don't know what I might do. I have found out her secret, and the sooner she leaves my house the better."

Miss Masson did not utter a word in her own defence. She thought Mrs. Limpet had discovered the only secret of her life, and she faltered out: "He was quite innocent," never thinking it would increase the jealous woman's rage. But the united efforts of cook and housemaid could scarcely restrain her; then she had a fit of hysterics, and the cook persuaded Caroline to leave the house at once.

"I've seen her like this before," said the cook; "but not quite so bad. There is no doing anything with her; you had better go now, and write to-morrow, she will be more open to reason then.

Miss Masson shook her head, crying bitterly.

"I shall never come back," she said. "Will you get me a cab—it is very hard, for I loved the children; and I have served her faithfully and well."

"So has many others," said the cook, consolingly; "but they've had to go when she's in her tantrums."

She sent a boy from the gate for a cab, and helped the governess down with her boxes. She cried a little herself at parting, and told Carrie not to take it to heart. It would be all right again if she only wrote.

But the governess knew she could only bow her head patiently, and take the burden of her husband's shame, deserved or undeserved.

Mrs. Limpet recovered from her hysterics, and sending the servants out of the room, sat sullen and gloomy, waiting for her husband to return. She had made up her mind to leave him, and return to her mother. She had arranged mentally all she intended to say to him; a fiery torrent of scorn and reproach, to be delivered red hot, was in store for him.

He was late, too, and that added to her exasperation; but, when he did come home, an hour and a half beyond his usual time, it was in a four-wheeled cab, and he was carried into the house by two attendants from the hospital. His head was bandaged, and one of his legs was broken. He had been run over.

"He has only fainted," the chief attendant said. "He ought to have stayed in the hospital, but he would come home. He said his wife would be so anxious. He must be kept very quiet. We have no wish to alarm you, madam, but his head is seriously injured, and he is not out of danger."

Not out of danger! Julia knelt by her husband's side when the men had gone, and with many a remorseful kiss on the pallid face, asked herself how much she would have to regret if he were to die. There never had been such a generous, patient, and sweet-tempered man; and as to his fidelity, she had never doubted that Mrs. Cancurr put the idea into her head. There must be some truth in it, or why had Miss Masson gone so guiltily?

In her perplexity she sent for her brother James, and told him everything.

"Give me Miss Masson's address," he said, "and ask no questions of Marmy till I give you leave. The first thing we have to do is to put him on his feet again."

In a few days, when Limpet had done rambling about detectives, railway vans, defalcations, and forged cheque changers, he woke from a long sleep, and was allowed to talk a little; he wanted to see the children; only James was with him.

"If they are not at their lessons," he said, "perhaps Miss Masson would not mind bringing them in."

"Miss Masson is staying with her aunt for a few days," said James, who was sitting by the side of the bed. "By the way, Jim, how many times did you have lunch with her at the pastrycook's, in the city?"

"Once. I met her by chance when she was waiting for her omnibus; I was stupid enough to ask her not to mention it, as it struck me afterwards that Julia might object."

"It was stupid," assented James. "And what did you mean by saying to the governess that something should be a secret between you and her? Was that in reference to the lunch?"

"Good gracious, no; and you must excuse me, Jim, I cannot tell you what it was."

"Shall I tell you then. Was it about Miss Masson's husband, away for two years on the forged cheque business?"

"Yes. But how did you know?"

"Never mind how he knew," said Julia's voice, so softly and sweetly that he wondered what change had come over her, and she emerged from behind the curtains to take her place opposite James; "it caused a lot of trouble, dear, and nearly broke my heart. James made the inquiries for me, and I see how wrong I was. I will never be jealous again, and you will never keep another secret from me, will you?"

"Never, darling. But what could I do? You see the dilemma I was in."

Mrs. Limpet wrote a very kind and womanly epistle to the governess, who came back next day; and six months later her husband was a clerk in Mr. Limpet's office, with his character cleared.

Mrs. Cancurr called once after the governess returned, but Julia's reception so wounded her dignity that henceforth, if she had occasion to pass through the crescent, she chose the other side of the way.

Scientific and Useful.

PHEASANTS.—Flocks of young Chinese pheasants are reported at various points in eastern Washington. With a few years of protection, the fields and forests of that section will be well stocked with this superior table fowl.

RHEUMATISM.—A German doctor of reputation prescribes aluminium as a cure for rheumatism. A finger ring made of this metal, joined with another, generates a gentle current of electricity which is said to make a permanent cure.

MUCILAGE.—The addition of a few drops of glycerine to a bottle of mucilage will cause labels to which it is applied to adhere to tin or other polished surfaces when not exposed to a high degree of heat or moisture. Gum tragacanth mucilage is also to be depended upon for that purpose.

BURNS.—Common baking soda is the best of all remedies in case of scalds and burns. It may be used on the surface of the burned place, dry or wet. When applied promptly, the sense of relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain, and the healing process soon commences. It is the best application for eruptions caused by poisonous ivy and other poisonous plants, as also for bites and stings of insects.

ROTARY SASH.—There has been invented a new form of domestic window-sash, which is so fixed in its frame, that while capable of the usual vertical sliding movement, it can be turned round bodily, so that the outer glass can be readily cleaned. This can be done while the cleaner stands in safety within the apartment to which the sash is fitted. This safety window seems to meet a real want, and as it does not involve any considerable additional cost, it is likely to meet with extensive adoption.

Farm and Garden.

HOGS.—If a hog is out of condition there is a cause, and to effect a cure one of the first things to do so is to ascertain and remove, if possible, the cause.

THE HORSE.—When the horses have finished the heavy work of the season, the best mode of curing sore feet is to take off their shoes and turn them on the pasture.

THE CELLAR.—The cellar should be thoroughly cleaned, fumigated and whitewashed before being used as a storehouse, both, as a protection to the articles and to avoid disease.

SHEEP.—Mutton breeds of sheep do not depend on waste lands and hillsides to become profitable. Good sheep require good pastures, and pay well. Wool is simply a product of the sheep, and no farmer can make sheep pay who depends on wool only for his profit.

ENSILAGE.—Ensilage has an advantage peculiarly its own, which is, that it supplies succulent food for stock at a season of the year when only dry food can be obtained without its use or the aid of roots. Ensilage is also cheaper than roots, and is more easily stored for immediate use.

CHEESE.—It is doubtful if any two cheeses are alike in quality, as it is impossible to secure milk of uniform quality, especially for a length of time. It is certain, however, that when cheese is made of full milk it will bring a good price. The greatest injury to cheese making is the inferior articles on the market, which cause a distrust of all kinds.

MANURE.—This is a good time to remember that manure is never worth any more than it is the day it is made. Every day it is kept exposed to the air, and worse, to the hot sun, it depreciates in value unless it is spread on the land. There it takes no harm and is where it will do the most good. Decomposition is hastened by heat and moisture, but when manure heats and is dry it undergoes slow combustion, by which it is deprived of the most of its value. Thus it is well to draw the manure out on the fields as soon as a load is collected.

BY RACKING YOUR LUNGS WITH A COUGH, you may irritate them into a condition ripe for the production of tubercles, and then, instead of a curable affection, you will have to deal with Consumption. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant promptly cures all Coughs and Colds, and by imparting vigor to the respiratory organs, enables them to freely throw off all obstructions engendered by neglected Colds, and heals all sore or inflamed parts.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as premiums by THE POST, and of which descriptions and reduced illustrations are given on another page. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

About Virtue.

When Marcus Brutus fell upon his own sword after the lost field of Philippi, in the last struggle of Rome for liberty, Plutarch tells us that he said to his freed man Strato, who, with averted face, held the weapon for him, "Farewell! Alas, Virtue, have I followed thee so long to find thee but a shade?" It was the last cry of a despairing man, of a hero great and good; spotless, but for one crime—if crime it then was—of striking down with the sword of an assassin the man who had enslaved his country.

We must remember that Brutus did not smite his king, but his own friend, who had betrayed his country—not one whom he had sworn to obey, but one who had overset, and, if he had been allowed to live, would have overset still more the sacred laws of Rome—the founder, not of a family, but of a mere ring and succession of emperors, many of whom seemed only to live to endeavor to out-reach the last monster in vice.

It is a folly to judge patriots of those days by our morals and our times. The loyal believer in the nonsense of the divine right of kings must not judge a lieutenant, as Brutus was, for slaying his captain when that captain was breaking every rule; and yet the crime or virtue of Brutus will always be a question. But his dagger was very useful, and its memory makes tyrants tremble. If Jehu is to be applauded, surely Brutus should remain a hero.

But Fate or Providence was too strong for him, and he fell, calling in satirical despair on that goddess or god to whom he looked for help, and from whom he gained none. What was this Virtus—this strength, valor, magnanimity, uprightness? The word signifies all these. The spirit that supplies and underlies such was to Brutus as a divinity, and in heathen Rome he could find no better. From it he evidently looked for help, or he would not have complained that he was neglected.

Do not all good men now do the same? Do we not all feel that in serving virtue we deserve help, and that help will somehow come to us? Perhaps the greatest disappointment to the apostles was that our Lord did not command fire from heaven to fall upon His enemies and consume them. But His "kingdom is not of this world." Others besides Brutus find out that, if followed for mere worldly profit, virtue is but a shade; but others also find that it brings "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," and that it is its own reward. Indeed, when we talk of pay, virtue vanishes. We cannot buy it; we can hardly reward it.

If we want a suggestive definition, we must seek it in the common application of the word to the chastity of woman. In this case it means that purity and chastity in woman is the supreme virtue or strength, just as valor or bravery is the supreme virtue in man. And rightly so, too, for the fall and corruption of all nations begins with the women. When they become bad, which they do chiefly of themselves through luxury, the men quickly follow, although they protest and grumble.

It is a true and manly thing to be good; and he who will recall young men to their true strength or virtue, which lies in resistance to evil, in personal purity, in chaste continence, in high thoughts, good words, conversation, and friendship, will do a very great and noble action. It would be a difficult task just now, because, on the one hand, few persons will read didactic essays, unless written in a very lively, persuasive, and artistic style; and, on the other, one would be accused of indecency if, with a free pen, the essayist showed Vice her own image, and portrayed things as they are. We are obliged to skim the surface—to glide quickly and gently over vice as over the thinnest ice. We assume that all to which we allude is known, and would rather send our readers to sleep than shock their sensibilities.

And now for the rewards of virtue. They appear to be slight; they are even in this world the greatest that God can give. Who that knows the lightsome feeling of a clean soul, the knowledge that the burden of sin is taken away, will suppose virtue badly paid? Lady Randolph, in Home's prosy play, says, "Amen! and virtue is its own reward." So it is—and why? We have written to little purpose if we have not shown that you cannot give it any other.

The virtuous man or woman is as it were a true soldier, and will have at the end the soldier's pay—not the bribe of the mercenary and hired fighter.

And how are we to get virtue or to be virtuous? A strange question, since everybody knows. Follow the straight path; consult your conscience. You have that somewhere about you; that was born even in the "primordial atom" of the talking professor, who knows "how we all growed."

In other words, God never made a man without a conscience; and there is this to be said about conscience—you cannot blind it, you cannot improve it, you cannot educate it. It is the same rude thing. It will tell you—and make you blush too, in your virginal cheeks, and above your clear and open eyes—that a lie is a lie at seven, or seventeen, or seventy, when the eyes are dimmed and the cheeks wrinkled and fallen. You cannot do better than follow that; and do be sure not to stifle its voice when it calls you.

THERE is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness. It is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others. In that one maxim is concentrated whatever is noble in morality, sublime in religion, or unanswerable in truth. In that permit we have all scope for whatever is excellent in our hearts, and none for the petty passions to which our nature is heir. Thus engaged, whatever be our errors, there will be nobility, not weakness, in our remorse; whatever our failures, virtue, not selfishness, in our regrets; and in success vanity itself will become holy and triumph eternal.

SOME one writes both gracefully and forcibly, "I should be glad to see more parents understand that, when they spend money judiciously to improve and beautify their home, they are paying their children a premium to stay there as much as possible to enjoy it; but, when they spend money unnecessarily on fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time from home—that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention and make the most display."

YEARS of prosperity following one upon another in unbroken succession have a strong tendency to make us blind and deaf to the deeper teachings of events. We take the world as it is, and, finding it full of good things, we allow ourselves to be bribed with comforts. But after a time a bolt flashes across our bright sky, and in a glance we read the tremendous possibilities of existence to which we have deliberately blinded our eyes.

THERE is a vast difference between the expression of a due and delicate appreciation of merit and that false and exaggerated praise which is dictated by adulation. The former is always received with pleasure, but the latter wounds the susceptibility of those on whom it is lavished, to a mind rightly constituted there being nothing more painful than undeserved or even excessive commendation.

THIS shock which jars on the mental, renders yet softer the moral nature. A death that is connected with love unites us by a thousand remembrances to all who have mourned: it builds a bridge between the young and the old; it gives them in common the most touching of human sympathies; it steals from Nature its glory and its exhilaration, not its tenderness.

A WELL-KNOWN divine, in his wise old age, once took a newly-married pair aside, and said, "I want to give you this advice, my children—don't try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her; but just go quietly on, and do your duty, and she will come to you."

How frequently are the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a shrug! How many good and noble actions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the impression of proceeding from bad motives by a mysterious and seasonable whisper!

EMPLOYMENT, which Galen calls "Nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered the mother of misery.

MONEY and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

ETHEL M.—The literal translation of the French sentence you send is, "I love you—I adore you!" What more would you wish?

KATIE.—Dreams arise from all sorts of causes, and have no meaning except as indications of worry or work, or some disturbing element in the general health. Nearly everyone wakes once in the night, and the most agreeable dreams almost invariably come after the first heavy sleep.

L. L. L.—It depends altogether on their former relations, or terms of intimacy, the time, the hour and other little circumstances, whether young ladies should invite their male escorts who have accompanied them from church or elsewhere to enter the house. No special rule, therefore, can be laid down, as it would not be applicable in every case.

H. R. P.—An excellent article for cleaning furniture is made by mixing together 1 pint of cold-drawn linseed oil, 1 pint of the best vinegar, and ½ pint of spirits of wine. Dip a soft cloth into the mixture and rub over the furniture, and then wipe thoroughly with a clean cloth of soft texture, to prevent scratching. Always shake the mixture well before using.

K. T.—Don't reproach your recreant husband. Try to win him back. Be as nice-looking and cheerful as possible. Cultivate your good looks and your graces of mind and person—even if to do this you have to neglect some other things. But don't keep telling him he has changed and grown indifferent. He will get accustomed to the idea and not care to have you think otherwise.

SOLDIER.—The French were the first to organize a hospital service in the field. The vehicles which they at first used were cumbersome, but they were gradually improved. The ambulance itself, and what is known as the ambulance system, have been brought to their highest state of development and efficiency since the establishment of the Red Cross Societies.

MECHANIC.—The mixture or preparation for "japanning" leather consists simply of linseed oil and Prussian blue, the last coat being of linseed oil and lamp-black, put evenly over the surface as it lies spread out on a table. If any machine has been made to supersede the hand in this part of the work we do not know it. In the blacking of skins a mixture of ox blood and acetate of iron is now very often used.

LIZZIE B.—In walking with ladies in the street, gentlemen should treat them with the most scrupulous politeness. It is customary to give them the inside, although in some cases, in order to insure their safety, it will be found necessary to place them on the outside. Always offer your arm to the lady with whom you are walking whenever her comfort, safety, or convenience would seem to require it, more especially at night, or when ascending the steps of a building.

MARY M.—There is much imprudence in an unreasonable jealousy. It is a sure way to drive your husband from you. His rights to society were abridged by marriage, but to demand of him the total sacrifice of his friendships and associations is to place him in a very humiliating position. No magnanimous or just woman will justify you in that, and the young lady referred to very properly resents the "home rule" over her friend. Our advice would be to make the lady your friend as she is of your husband.

DOLLIE D.—The ancients called the swan the bird of Apollo or of Orpheus, and ascribed to it wonderful musical powers, which it was supposed to exercise particularly when its death approached. It has, in reality, a soft low voice, plaintive and with little variety, which is to be heard chiefly when it is moving about with its young. Still it cannot be classed as a singing bird, but on account of its praises having been so often sung by both ancient and modern poets it may be rightly considered a bird of song.

OSCAR.—The term perpetual motion means an engine which, without any supply of power from without, cannot only maintain its own motion for ever, or as long as its machinery lasts, but can also be applied to drive machinery, and therefore to do external work. In other words, it means a device for creating power or energy without corresponding expenditure of energy. This is an absolute impossibility, although from the earliest days scientists and inventors have endeavored to prove otherwise.

MINNIE.—Your parents are certainly unwise to try to force you to marry a man twenty years older than you, and whom you "despise." You would be doing very wrong to become his wife with such feelings towards him; but you are young enough (seventeen) to wait awhile, and to not think of eloping with the young lover you prefer. Tell your parents your feelings and your determination not to marry a man you dislike. Time works wonders, and they may consent to your marriage with your heart's choice before you are eighteen.

R. R. T.—Joseph Bonaparte, the eldest brother of the great Napoleon, was married to Julie Marie Clary, the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Marseilles and sister-in-law of Bernadotte, King of Sweden. She was born December 26, 1777, and died in Florence, April 7, 1845. She had two daughters—Zenaide Charlotte Julie, born July 8, 1801, died 1854, who became the wife of Lucien Bonaparte's son, the Prince of Canino; and Charlotte Napoleone, born October 31, 1802, died March 3, 1839, who married Louis Napoleon, second son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland.

ODE FOR COLUMBUS DAY, OCT. 12, '92

COLUMBIA'S BANNER.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

"God helping me," cried Columbus, "though fair or foul the breeze,
I will sail and sail till I find the land beyond the western seas!"
So an eagle might leave its eyrie, though the blue sky should bar,
To fold its wings on the loftiest peak of an undiscovered star!
And into the vast and void abyss he followed the setting sun;
Nor gulfs nor gales could fright his sails till the wondrous quest was done.
But oh, the weary vigils, the murmuring, torturing days,
Till the Pinta's gun, and the shout of "Land!" set the black night ablaze!
Till the shore lay fair as Paradise in morning's balm and gold,
And a world was won from the conquered deep, and the tale of the ages told!
Uplift the starry Banner! The best age is begun!
We are the heirs of the mariners whose voyage that morn was done.
Measureless lands Columbus gave and rivers through zones that roll,
But his rarest, noblest bounty was a New World for the Soul!
For he sailed from the Past with its stifling walls, to the Future's open sky,
And the ghosts of gloom and fear were laid as the breath of heaven went by;
And the pedant's pride and the lordling's scorn were lost, in that vital air,
As fogs are lost when sun and wind sweep ocean blue and bare;
And Freedom and larger Knowledge dawned clear, the sky to span,
The birthright, not of priest or king, but of every child of man!
Uplift the New World's Banner to greet the exultant sun!
Let its rosy gleams still follow his beams as swift to west they run,
Till the wide air rings with shout and hymn to welcome it shining high,
And our eagle from lone Katahdin to Shasta's snow can fly
In the light of its stars as fold on fold is flung to the autumn sky!
Uplift it, Youths and Maidens, with songs and loving cheers;
Through triumphs, raptures, it has waved, through agonies and tears.
Columbia looks from sea to sea and thrills with joy to know
Her myriad sons, as one, would lead to shield it from a foe!
And you who soon will be the State, and shape each great decree,
Oh, vow to live and die for it, if glorious death must be!
The brave of all the centuries gone this starry Flag have wrought;
In dungeons dim, on gory fields, its light and peace were bought;
And you who front the future—whose days our dreams fulfill—
On Liberty's immortal height, oh, plant it firmer still!
For it floats for broadest learning; for the soul's supreme release;
For law disdaining license; for righteousness and peace;
For valor born of justice, and its amplest scope and plan
Makes a queen of every woman, a king of every man!
While forever, like Columbus, o'er Truth's unfathomed main
Is pilots to the hidden isles, a grander realm to gain.
Ah! what a mighty trust is ours, the noblest ever sung,
To keep the Banner spotless its kindred stars among!
Our fleets may throng the oceans—our forts the headlands crown—
Our mines their treasures lavish for mint and mart and town—
Rich fields and flocks and busy looms bring plenty, far and wide—
And stately temples deck the land than Rome's or Athens' pride—
And science dare the mysteries of earth and wave and sky—
Till none with us in splendor and strength and skill can vie:
Yet, should we reckon Liberty and Manhood less than these,
And slight the right of the humblest between our circling seas—
Should we be false to our sacred past, our fathers' God forgetting,
This Banner would lose its luster, our sun be nigh his setting!
But the dawn will sooner forget the east, the tides their ebb and flow,
Than you forget our radiant Flag and its matchless gifts forego!
Nay! you will keep it high-advanced with ever brightening sway—
The Banner whose light betokens the Lord's diviner day—
Leading the nations gloriously in Freedom's holy way!
No cloud on the field of azure—no stain on the rosy bars—
God bless you, Youths and Maidens, as you guard the Stripes and Stars!

THEATRE MANAGER: "In my new play I'm going to have a tank of real water, a real fire-engine, and a real patrol wagon. Can you suggest anything else?" Tomdik: "Yes, you might try a real motor or two."

A Hard Man's Charity.

BY A. L. TACHSON.

"A LADY to see you, sir."

"Stay Randall! A lady, do you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then show her in."

It was half-past four on a gloomy November afternoon, and the gas was already lit in Howard Vyner's private office. Vyner himself sat before a pile of correspondence through which he was patiently wading, but his cold, inscrutable features showed little annoyance at the untimely interruption. The door opened two minutes later, and a lady, plainly dressed in dark, well-fitting garments, entered. She wore no veil, so that Vyner, at his first glance, was able to scrutinize her pale, delicately-formed face.

She was young he decided at once, and moreover painfully nervous, nor did his calm interrogative manner conduce to set her more at ease. Not a solitary example of embarrassment provoked by Howard Vyner's presence was the newcomer by any means; he was accustomed to inspire his numerous clerks and dependents with obsequious awe, and therefore regarded the intruder's excitement with little surprise.

"My time is limited," at length he said; "if you wish to speak to me——"

The girl, for she was but little more, raised her dark eyes to his face, and tremulously hazarded her plea.

"You employ a great number of clerks, a few of them lady clerks—at least, I was told so. I have made many inquiries, being in search of daily employment, and wishing very earnestly to obtain some at once. My circumstances are hopelessly bad; but I write a good hand, and have received an excellent education. I believe there are one or two vacancies in your office at the present, and I thought—I hoped——"

Vyner moved impatiently in his chair. This soft-voiced applicant was evidently not hardened to her task. He had interviewed others on a like errand by scores, dismissing them with the same cool indifference with which he tore in pieces the letters lying now in his waste-basket, and experiencing no passing regret at their disappointment. He was a man in the prime of life, his age numbering only forty years, yet few had become so eminently successful within so brief a period.

Twenty years before Vyner's lot had been no whit more enviable than that of each hard-worked clerk bending over his desk in an adjoining room; but a man possessed of his indomitable perseverance and brilliant business capacities will some way or other invariably find scope for the display of his exceptional talents; and the influence and substantial aid of wealthy friends had placed more immediately within his power the attainment of that success to which he had devoted his whole life and intellectual faculties.

There were those in Farringham who ventured to sneer at the glowing prosperity of the wealthy manufacturer who had sprung up in their midst, and was making his thousands by hard work and industry. But in the breasts of his poorer brethren contempt gradually gave place to envy. Yet one and all, from the highest to the lowest—from his well-to-do neighbors, who strove to patronize him, down to the meanest subordinate in his employ—secretly and heartily disliked and feared Howard Vyner. In short, he had acquired a bad name in the town.

He was a hard man, they said; a man who ground down his dependents and boasted that he had bestowed no copper of hardly-won wealth on the whining beggars at his gate; a man who scoffed at Christian charity, and bade everyone look to his own hand for relief. Moreover, said the townsfolk, he was a man without a creed or religion; but he was rich, and the world was before him, and Farringham abased itself humbly at his feet, and despised the man while it worshipped his gold.

Vyner regarded the woman before him with faint curiosity. Had she rehearsed her acquirement with the vulgar assurance with which he was only too familiar, or besought his leniency in the repulsive accents of the professional beggar, he would have summarily dismissed her, maybe to abject poverty and want. But, happily for her suit, she did neither. Even her nervousness had partially deserted her, and she waiting his answer with an expression of half-hopeful eagerness on her pale face.

"You imagine you could occupy such a post with competency?" Vyner asked, after a pause.

"I am almost sure that I could," she answered; involuntarily clasping her small gloved hands.

"Then you are aware what the requirements are," he continued, still in the same calm, business-like tone: and forthwith, in a few words, enlightened her as to her probable duties.

"And the hours?" queired the girl timidly, "they are long, I believe."

"From nine till six."

"Ah! how late." An expression of intense sorrow flitted over her face that did not escape Vyner's critical eye; but she listened eagerly while he briefly entered into other particulars.

"It is doubtful whether you will be able to accept the post as a permanency," he concluded; "your inexperience being an undeniable drawback, but I think you may as well make the attempt. I employ several other lady clerks, but they are all extremely competent and experienced. However," a trifle less coldly as her face flushed and her eyelids fell, "your success depends entirely upon yourself, Miss——"

"Delorme—Alice Delorme." Then her diffidence vanished. Raising her dark and beautiful eyes to Vyner's own she said earnestly: "I am very grateful to you, Mr. Vyner. I can never thank you sufficiently for giving me a chance to help myself, but I assure you you have lightened my heart of a heavy burden to-day. Although I am only five-and-twenty, I have passed through a veritable sea of trouble, and I do not mind confessing to you that poverty has to-day stared me in the face. Forgive me; you are busy, and I am claiming your interest without thought."

Alice Delorme's fellow-clerks would have opened their eyes in unqualified amazement had they been listeners to her graceful expressions of gratitude. Howard Vyner himself had difficulty in suppressing the habitual smile of cynicism which invariably greeted effusive or emotional overtures, of which he was but seldom the recipient.

He looked once again at the girl's tall, slender figure and thoughtful countenance, attractive by reason of its sweetly sensitive lips and large lustrous eyes. Here was a good face—he thought involuntarily—almost beautiful too, but with a quiet unassuming beauty that would strike but few observers. She was different in some way from the crowd of poor, commonplace, aspiring applicants whom he sent away with ill-concealed disgust day after day.

He liked her face; he was vaguely attracted by her manner, and he felt glad all at once that he had not been brusque and overbearing to her as to all the others. Then, with a half-smile of scornful reproof, Vyner pulled himself together and recollected suddenly who he was, and that the girl confronting him in the glare of the gaslight was already one of his dependents.

"Miss Delorme," he said carelessly, dragging pens and ink forward, "will you give me your address before you go? And I omitted to mention that, owing to press of correspondence, I shall be glad if you will be at the office on Monday morning without fail."

"Certainly," replied Miss Delorme promptly, and quickly drawing off her glove she walked to the desk and wrote down in round, even characters, "Alice Delorme, 22 Queen Street." "I trust you will be satisfied with me," she said with a friendly little smile—a smile that was the prettiest thing Howard Vyner had seen for many a long day. A moment later Randall appeared, and Miss Delorme drew on her glove and quickly left the office.

"A new clerk, Randall," said his master briefly. "She begins work on Monday."

Randall had a good look at the "new broom" when Monday arrived, and was not long in deciding that she would give satisfaction. He had no great faith in female clerks himself, this being the sole point on which he and his master disagreed; but being a man of discernment he speedily discovered that Alice Delorme possessed three qualities essential to her work. She was business-like, industrious, and reserved.

Howard Vyner was in the habit of shifting the supervision of his office from his own shoulders on to those of his head clerk, so that his presence was rarely required; but upon some pretext or other he found it necessary to look in on his clerks more than once during the days of that first week of Alice Delorme's probation. The first time that he did so Miss Delorme raised her head and granted him the full gaze of her beautiful eyes. They were instantly lowered, however, but not before Vyner had experienced an unaccountable sensation of interest and attraction. The new-comer accomplished her duties satisfactorily, and was apparently sincere in her efforts to please.

This much Randall reported to Mr. Vyner, who listened with an air of careless indifference, and promptly administered a check to his loquacious subordinate. Truth to tell, Vyner rebelled at the satisfactory report. He said to himself that Alice Delorme was too much of a lady to sink to the level of an ordinary office drudge, and the interest that her advent had aroused within gave place to a feeling of disappointment. Day after day, week after week, he would enter the office, and see the row of heads bent diligently over their accustomed work, but never again did Alice Delorme raise her carefully lowered eyelids; and Vyner—the heartless cynic of the world—chafed at her indifference.

"Randall," he said, one day a few weeks later, "here's an important letter that I wish to be sent off at once. Just ask Miss Delorme to step in here."

The previous day Miss Delorme had been absent, and Vyner felt ridiculously aggrieved at the incident. He did not attempt to analyse the various sensations of annoyance and restlessness to which he had lately become a victim, or to battle with the disclination for mental labor which was fast rendering him lackadaisical and slothful.

For twenty years and more he had struggled for the success which was now assured him. To obtain that success he had relentlessly cultivated the sordid desire for wealth to the exclusion of all higher and nobler aims. He had gloried in the knowledge that Farringham envied and condemned him; he had boasted with a thrill of egotistical pride of his unwavering perseverance in business, and his contemptuous disdain for the poor and weak-hearted.

He had laughed at the supplicants for alms, and revelled in the luxury and indulgences afforded him by the wealth he had justly earned. He had lived in comfort while the poor were starving around him, with no domestic ties to soften his heart and develop the sterling qualities of his hard and unloveable nature. Success was his goal, and success had been lavishly granted him. And yet, twenty years' fierce grapple with the world, twenty years' frantic pursuit after gold, had left one solitary corner of his heart vulnerable.

The office door opened, and in the strong gaslight Vyner saw the face of Alice Delorme. It was altered—different. Her cheeks pallid with long and exhaustive weeping, her eyes downcast, her whole bearing crushed and humiliated.

"You wanted me," she said, and paused.

"Yes; I wanted you," Vyner repeated coldly. "It is a month or more since you entered my office, Miss Delorme, and I believe you have overcome any early difficulty in your duties. Do you still wish to continue them, or is the work too onerous for you?"

"I do not dislike it," she answered passively.

"You probably find the long hours a strain on your health. You are looking ill," hazarded Vyner more solicitously.

"I am quite well."

"Then you have no wish to resign the post?"

"None whatever." She raised her eyes for the first time, struggling with a passing emotion. "I was unavoidably detained at home yesterday," she said apologetically, "otherwise I should not have neglected to come. Thank you. I am glad to find that you consider my work satisfactory."

"I fear you are in some trouble," Vyner observed kindly, dropping for the moment his tone of reserve, and regarding her critically, "or else sadly out of health. Perhaps—pardon the question—a trouble you before alluded to is before you again."

"I am not rich," said the girl with a bitter attempt at a laugh. "There is plenty of poverty around, and I am certainly not exempt."

"You must take care of yourself," said Vyner, still with that novel air of solicitude which sat so strangely upon him. "I fear your friends at home do not properly consider you. You were evidently not intended for one of the workers of this world."

"I have no friends," Alice Delorme cried passionately—"I have no friend in all the world, Mr. Vyner, and I must work or starve. An enviable fate," she added with weary bitterness.

Suddenly across Vyner's brain flashed the remembrance of his brilliant success-

ful manhood, with its one aim and desire for gain, and its present fulfilment. He looked at Alice Delorme, and for one brief instant he allowed the latent goodness of his nature to overcome the pride and reserve.

"It is hard for you; terribly hard," he said, with rough kindness. "I have heard many tales of destitution and woe that have only provoked from me scorn and derision; but your case differs from the rest. You are a lady, and friendless. Believe me, I am sorry for you."

"I have been unlucky all along," she replied sorrowfully. Her eyes, with so much unconscious beauty and sadness in them, touched a tender chord of her employer's heart. No man is all granite, although some would fain believe themselves to be so. Vyner had had no time in his eventful career for love affairs, and was ever too proud for flirtations; he had lived out his life apart from women and their refining influences, and had known none intimately. With the swiftness of lightning, he suddenly realized that Alice Delorme was both beautiful and fascinating, and the knowledge afforded him unqualified pleasure. But, although he was ignorant of it, the fact that she was sorrowful and desolate, even more than any attraction of person, had aroused his compassion and kindly interest. Rising abruptly, he held out his hand with a frank, winning smile.

"Miss Delorme, will you accept my sympathy? And now I will not detain you any longer, or neglect my correspondence. This is Tuesday. You will oblige me very much by taking a complete rest until next week, when I shall hope to see you return looking more fit for work."

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" cried the girl, with excessive gratitude. Her dark eyes were swimming in tears as she spoke, her hand trembled uncontrollably in Howard Vyner's clasp. Then she turned away, and Vyner resumed his writing.

* * * * * *

Under a solitary street lamp one January night, Howard Vyner stands waiting with exemplary patience. He has stood here fully eleven minutes, yet betrays neither eagerness nor annoyance, being perfectly assured of ultimate success. And success does reward him at length, for down the gloomy little street comes a girl's form, clad in a long, tight-fitting ulster.

"Miss Delorme," says Vyner courteously, as he advances to meet her, "I am lucky to-night; I was wishing particularly to see you."

Miss Delorme inclines her head and smiles rather nervously. She does not ask him why he prefers loitering about the cold streets in hopes of seeing her to requesting an interview in his comfortable office; possibly she does not require enlightening upon the subject. At any rate she exhibits no symptom of surprise at sight of him, nor a particle of embarrassment now that his greeting is over.

Two month's sojourn in Farringham has assured Miss Delorme that had she no friends before her advent, she may count upon one now in the person of her employer. And yet they seldom meet, only sometimes like this on her way home from business, when she answers his questions with perfect friendliness and composure, and grows to appreciate, as perhaps none of his acquaintances have ever appreciated before, Howard Vyner's innate goodness and chivalry of heart beneath his brusque and cynical exterior.

Other thoughts regarding this sudden whim of his for her society have frequently troubled Alice Delorme, and rendered her manner oftentimes cold and uncertain; but, as she is wont to say to herself in extenuation, with a kind of reckless philosophy, when this vague dread presses upon her, she must not quarrel with her bread and butter, and at this present moment her bread and butter is walking beside her on the pavement.

"Terribly cold to-night, isn't it?" he says. "I hope you are well wrapped up, Miss Delorme. How absurd it seems for a delicate girl like you to be earning your bread and living all alone in this independent fashion."

So saying, Vyner bends his head to look at her tired white face with eyes that are neither calm nor expressionless. Miss Delorme laughs.

"I should hate to live alone," she says absently. "Neither Edwin nor I are cut out for a solitary life."

"And who is Edwin?" queries Vyner quickly; and at his question the girl grows swiftly confused, and a wave of color sweeps over her face. "I thought you lived alone," pursues her companion coldly "I understood you to be absolutely without friends or relatives, and pitied you accordingly."

"Pity me now," says Miss Delorme, with a dash of sadness in her quiet tones, "and please do not withdraw the friendship which I value so highly. Mr. Vyner, I have told you before, and I tell you again to-night, that it is against my wish that you trouble to meet me and escort me home, that I am quite content to remain your clerk, while giving you my gratitude, respect and friendship for the consideration you have always shown me. You say in return that you may please yourself. Well, decidedly. And yet I would rather, far rather, that for the future you ignored my obscure existence. Mr. Vyner, you must pardon me if I have given you offence. I have not deceived you voluntarily. I have more cares and worries than I could possibly confess, and, as you ask me who Edwin is, I may tell you this much—that he is one whom the world condemns and wastes no pity upon, a man hiding from the law's punishment, and whose whole bitter life is paying the penalty of a youthful sin."

Vyner stops abruptly in the dimly lighted street, and draws firmly and tenderly into his one of Alice Delorme's gloved hands. He is, as a rule, so cool, so self-contained, that emotion rarely troubles him or carries him out of himself; but just in this moment a nameless something in the girl's face and thrilling tones plants a torturing dread in Vyner's heart, and opens his eyes to one important self-consuming conviction. He clasps her hand in his; he gazes spell-bound into the dark troubled eyes.

"Poor Edwin!" continues Miss Delorme wistfully. "He is a sad, almost hopeless invalid, and entirely dependent upon the money that I earn. It is gall and wormwood to his proud spirit to accept the little comforts that I can offer him, and little indeed they are to one suffering from the wearing disease which has made Edwin old before his time, and robbed him of all hope—all youth—all happiness. And yet," her face, suffused with tears and emotion, is upturned to the stern one above her, "and yet, poor struggling outcasts as we were, you helped us; you gave me food and lodging and a restful heart that day when I came in fear and trembling to your office. You were a hard man, they said, but you were not hard to me, and I say 'God bless you,' Mr. Vyner, for your kindness to me that day."

They walk on in silence down gloomy Queen Street. A question is trembling on Vyner's tongue; his brain grows dizzy with the overwhelming fears that possess him, but Alice walks on at his side, and there are no outward signs of agitation visible on her sweet face to tell of the madly beating heart within.

"Sometimes," she says abruptly, "sometimes I think that Edwin will die. In spite of all my care—in spite of all the little comforts—the fear haunts me every day and every night. He has grown so painfully frail and weak, and lung disease nearly always kills in the end."

They have reached No. 21 before Vyner replies.

"Miss Delorme," he says earnestly, "you need no have fears that I shall betray your trust. I want to be your friend still, and you must let me take the advantage of my friendship and try to brighten the monotony of your life if it lies in my power to do so. Remember I am rich—very rich—and I have earned the reputation of being hard and grasping and uncharitable. I have scoffed at poverty, and hugged my gold to my bosom. Will you let me give my poor soul a chance, Miss Delorme? Will you forgive my trespassing on a delicate subject like this, and if I take it into my head to send a little offering occasionally to an invalid, will you pocket your pride and accept it—only a few flowers, or a little fruit, or any small dainty? Perhaps in the next world it may be accounted to me for good. Will you?"

He is unprepared for her rapid effusive expressions of gratitude, and man-like, feels ashamed and vastly uncomfortable. Long years of affluence and ease have dulled Vyner's perceptions with regard to poverty and privation; but Alice Delorme, in these days of wearing anxiety and terrible distress, forgets to summon pride to her aid, and thinks only of the welcome relief of which she has stood in such sore need. She has murmured her thanks, and Vyner has released her hand. In another moment she will have vanished. Her hand is on the door.

"Miss Delorme," says Vyner's rapid, almost imploring tones, as his eyes search hers with a swift passionate fire in their depth, "you forget—you have not yet given me permission to visit you and—your brother."

Alice smiles, and his fears depart.

"Ah, no!" she says sadly. "Edwin will see no more. I am sorry I must deny you this. Good-night. I can never thank you enough."

Howard Vyner walks briskly homewards to the large tastefully furnished house, where he spends a few hours every day surrounded with luxury and ease. And all the time he reflects, half gladly, half regretfully, that although wealth has been his nearly fifteen years, he has failed to appreciate its value until to-night.

* * * * * *

Her note is in his hand—the cold, business-like note, sent after two days' absence.

DEAR MR. VYNER—"I cannot hope to express in words the gratitude which I feel for your numerous kindness and presents to my poor invalid. Indeed, we both thank you very heartily, and the pleasant knowledge must be yours that you have cheered many a weary hour. It is with regret that I ask you to release me from my duties, as I am unable any longer to leave home, and trust that you will quickly fill my vacant post, and pardon any inconvenience my absence may have caused you.

"Sincerely yours,
"ALICE DELORME."

Randall had reason for wonderment that morning, when he entered Mr. Vyner's private room for the third time, to find the occupant sitting, pen in hand, at his desk, but with eyes vacantly fixed on some imaginary object outside the window. But Randall would have marvelled still more had he witnessed the ludicrous haste with which his dignified master put on his hat and accomplished the distance that intervened between the office and Queen Street.

Vyner rang the bell and asked imperiously for Miss Delorme; but once ushered into the small, barely-furnished sitting-room, and Miss Delorme's light step heard in the passage, Vyner's equanimity all at once forsook him, and he looked helplessly around for means of escape. What would she think of him, thus ignoring her express wishes, and intruding on her sorrow and loneliness?

But one glance at Miss Delorme's face reassured him; her eyes were bright with a feverish sadness that went to his heart, and her cheeks pale from exhaustion and watching. She was wearing a crimson blouse of some soft woollen material, and her luxuriant masses of bright hair were loose, and carelessly arranged.

All this Vyner's critical eye mastered at a glance; but he saw also that the sad eyes flashed a grateful smile of welcome, and that the red lips quivered unmistakably as she felt his hand close over hers. In this moment Alice was beautiful, and Vyner, susceptible as any love-sick youth to her charms of face and figure, drew nearer, allowing his eyes to express the sympathy and tenderness which, as yet, he was capable of uttering.

Alice looked up, her eyes brimming over with tears. "He is dying," she said, "dying—and I can do nothing." In a few moments she became calmer. "Poor Edwin," she sighed, "Fate is so hard upon us, and yet even now if she would relent he has still one little chance. Dr. Perrins is not hopeless, by any means. He says that it is England which is killing him—cold, foggy, dismal England, and that I should have taken him away long before the winter months came on. His orders are most peremptory, and they have broken my heart. Edwin is to go to South France at once while the weather is mild, and directly he rallies sufficiently to travel. If he does not go—oh, it is cruel, cruel to me so—he will die!"

"And if he goes?" says Vyner eagerly.

"He will live for years."

"Then, Miss Delorme, you have no choice but to obey."

"I," she cried passionately, "I—who haven't a friend in the world, or a sixpence to call my own beyond the salary you pay me? I—who prayed months ago for his death, that he might be spared a lingering illness embittered by slow starvation? Oh, what a fate is ours—what a fate! I have no one to turn to, no one to help me."

"Nay," Vyner says with a wonderful tenderness, a wonderful compassion. Love sweetens his tone, illumines his face, and lends to his manner almost a woman's gentleness as he clasps the girl's hands within his own and draws her nearer, nearer, until her lips are close to his. "Dear, you have me always; and I will do this and more, because—I love you."

Alice's face flushed into new loveliness, and then swiftly paled. She tore away her hands in a tempest of excited grief and despair. "You would do this—for Edwin?" she breathed, looking up at him.

"No—for you."

"Because you love me?"

"Because I am going to win you for my wife!"

"Oh, go away," she wailed—"go away! This is killing me. It can never be—never!"

"And why not?" questioned Vyner harshly.

Alice Delorme moved noiselessly across the room, and opened a door which led into an adjoining apartment temporarily fitted up as a bedroom. Turning, she motioned Vyner to her side, and he saw with compassionate interest a figure lying on the bed in the centre of the room—the figure of a young man of about seven-and-twenty, painfully drawn and emaciated. He had just now fallen into a peaceful slumber. Short golden curls lay upon the pillow—a blonde moustache partially concealed the weak, boyish mouth; but the delicate features and hectic coloring touched Vyner's heart with an indescribable pathos. This boy, this Edwin, was all that she had, and she loved him!

Alice closed the door, and began to speak rapidly.

"He looks so young and boyish still," she said sorrowfully, "that you would hardly believe that five years ago he was mixed up with a London forgery case, and we were obliged to leave England secretly, and take refuge for a long time in America. Our life has been one long torture—one unceasing bitterness. Three years ago Edwin's health failed, and since then I have been compelled to work for both, nursing him in my spare hours, and enduring agonies of fear all the time that he was left alone. And then, poor boy, he began to long for England and home again, and we agreed to seek out some secluded spot where I might obtain daily employment, and where we might be secure from all prying eyes. So we came here to Farringham, and you know all the rest—how you helped me and gave me work. And now it is all over!"

She buried her face in her hands, and sobbed long and bitterly. Vyner stood by in silence. Presently Alice raised her head and looked up at him, her eyes drowned in tears.

"He is my husband," she said, with a kind of reckless despair. "I deceived you a few weeks ago—that night when you volunteered to help us, and allowed Edwin to pass, as you suggested, for my brother. We had always done so abroad, and he had adopted my name to avoid detection, and I thought it would be less difficult to get employment if I were an unmarried woman. And then, Edwin was fading before my eyes, and you were rich—oh, so rich!—and you offered to help me in the noble generosity of your heart. I was wicked, and cruel, and heartless, and I think you will hate me always; but I know——"

"You knew that I loved you," broke in Vyner bitterly.

"Yes; I knew that night. I could not help it. But I resolved to leave you in ignorance. How could I have sent you away?"

She hid her face again, and Vyner stood at the window, looking out. It was raining outside, and a little child was sobbing loudly in the street. Vyner wondered, in a dull, vague fashion, how long his heart would ache as it ached just then; how long, during the years to come, he would see this woman's face, all pale and tear-stained, and how long the bitter overwhelming knowledge would haunt him day and night; that success, and wealth, and precedence were as dross compared with the love that dwelt in his heart for Alice Delorme.

Suddenly Alice raised her eyes, and they met his, and a dull, red flush crept up to Vyner's brow. He thought once it would be a just punishment for her deceit if he asked her with brutal candor, "Alice, do you love me?" He could read her like a book, he said to himself, just as he had read her past and history, her mistaken marriage, her blighted hopes, and lasting regret. She had wronged him—Vyner—who loved her truly. She had given him something to remember and regret all the remainder of his life, and now she had dried her eyes and was looking across at him.

"Why don't you go?" she said.

"I am going," Vyner answered promptly; "but, before I leave, I want to tell you that you may make yourself happy about—your husband. Didn't I tell you, that night, that my soul was very black? Perhaps one white spot upon it may make to

ultimate salvation. No—no thanks. Give me your hand once—just once. I will make every necessary arrangement for you, and you must start immediately that Dr. Perrins gives you permission; but I shall not see you again, as I am exceedingly busy just now. Child—for you are a very child still—don't be downcast. Let me wish you and yours renewed health and happiness. That's right. Smile! I like to see your eyes merry. And now—good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

What do her eyes mean? If he looked again he might read them; but he will not. As he reaches the door her last unsteady words fall upon his ear—

"Some day Edwin and I will come home again—and bless you!"

* * * * * *

Two years later, one afternoon in spring, Randall ushers a lady into his master's private office. The lady is handsomely dressed in dark furs, and presents a beautiful and charming appearance. Howard Vyner rises at her entrance, and shakes hands with her coolly enough; but he listens with an air of attentive interest to the brief story she tells him—the story of a lingering death in the sunny South, and a small fortune which has fallen to the widow's share too late to brighten the little home.

"You gave us six months' happiness," says Alice Delorme sweetly, "six months of real happiness. Edwin said so, and he wanted you to know. But his case was too hopeless a one for cure, and Dr. Perrins was mistaken in his opinion. I came down to Farringham to-day, Mr. Vyner, to thank you, and return to you as far as lies in my power the kindly help you gave in my trouble. You are very well, I hope," she adds, smiling, standing up and preparing to take her departure.

"Very well, and very busy," returns Vyner absently. And then, abruptly, his manner changes; the fire that died out of his eyes long ago in the sitting-room in Queen Street, springs into life again beneath the radiance of Alice's smile. Her hand, given in farewell, lies clasped in his. Alice," he says, with one steady look into her face, "I have clerks enough and to spare, but I am sadly in want of a wife. Farringham has given me up in righteous despair, and I am reported to be fast going down hill. Do you think you will take compassion on me?"

Poor Randall, knocking at the door five minutes later, and receiving no answer, advances boldly into the room, and is alarmed into a precipitous and most undignified exit.

"Trust a woman for mischief," says the dried up old misanthrope sagely.

ECCENTRICITIES IN THE PULPIT.

There have been eccentric preachers in all times and in all lands, but none have equalled the pulpit orator of this present day. It was a Kentucky minister who not long since was reported to have fallen foul of a section of his congregation against whom he had issued writs. He was told that a raid would be made upon the church on the Sunday following, and he prepared himself for the fray with six-shooters which he laid on the pulpit cushion. They were not there merely for ornament, for when the disaffected folk threw stones at the windows and rushed into the church, he fired his pistols at them, wounded one or two men, and to stop the panic which ensued he put out the gas.

Dr. Tyndall delivers an "object sermon" once a month. A little while ago, a correspondent says, he discoursed upon snakes. Illustrating the change of Aaron's staff in Pharaoh's presence into a snake, the reverend doctor suddenly threw down on the platform a big blackthorn, and then stopping down, rose again with a serpent squirming and wriggling in his grasp. It looked alive, but it was merely a toy one. The preacher pulled another snake from his shoe, and when two men, who had evidently known what delirium tremens was, attempted to leave the church they found the doors locked. "Snakes," cried the preacher, "lie at the bottom of the glass." He put a glass before him, apparently filled with wine. Then while everybody watched breathlessly, he struck a match, put a light to the "wine," and the next moment a hideous, writhing, snake-like thing, several feet long, arose out of the glass and squirmed over its edge into the pulpit. As this was going on, the doctor said, pointing to the horrid growth, "The next time you feel like getting drunk, think of that!"

Many a humorous incident has taken place in Scottish pulpits between ministers and their "men"—i. e., the Kirk beadles. It is related that on one fast day a minister from Edinburgh conducted the services at a Glasgow church, and he was anxious to return home by the afternoon train, as was arranged he should have some refreshment in the vestry before leaving. Near the close of the service the beadle was observed to mount the pulpit stair with a solemn face and whisper something in the minister's ear. What the mysterious communication could be puzzled many of the congregation; but it afterwards turned out that James had anxiously asked, "I was just in a swither, and wad like to ken hoo ye wish yer egg biled—hard or saft, sir?"

While handing up an intimation to an Edinburgh preacher one Sunday morning, the man whispered in the minister's ear the startling news, "She's clean gi'en up the ghaist to-day!" and then vanished. It was not until the want of the usual instrumental music arrested the doctor's attention that it occurred to him that the "she" referred to was the organ, and had that day succumbed.

It was a Highland minister who, one day, paused in his discourse, and drawing in a long and ominous breath called out in a voice of thunder as he pointed to his "man," who had nodded himself to sleep, "Will somebody wauken Scott there?" And it was another Scottish preacher who stopped the service to address the wife of the beadle. Said he, "Wauken up yer man this moment, an' gie the precentor a nudge when ye're at it."

These anecdotes recall the story told by Dean Ramsay of the pastor who called out to a member of his flock, Jeems Robson, ye're sleepin'! I must insist upon your bein' wauken'!" "Look at yer elbuck an' ye'll see a sleep [illegible]" retorted the parishioner to the minister pew where the minister's wife was just dozing off. "Then Jeems," replied the preacher, "may be she's wauken now, but if ye see her asleep again, hand up your hand." By-and-by the hand was held up. Calling upon his spouse to wake and stand, her husband thus publicly lectured her: "Mrs. D., A' body kens that when I gat ye for my wife I gat nae beauty; yer friends ken I gat nae siller; an' if I didna get God's grace, I has gotten a puir bargain indeed."

A Scottish dean has observed that in all ages there has been a tendency for a degree of oddity, quaintness, eccentricity, and joculurity to appear in the sermons of our stars.

Rowland Hill, when speaking at Wapping, assured his hearers that even such Wapping sinners as they were might hope to be forgiven.

On another occasion he wished to discourage ladies from wearing high, showy, fashionable head dresses, called "top-knots," so he gave out for his text, "Let him that is on the house-top not come down," and then pointed out that there was a prohibition of such head gear in the words "Top-knot come down."

Whitefield—the great Nonconformist—had a marvellous gift of eloquence in the open air. Once he wished to represent that it was not so easy to lead a life of self-denial. "You seem to think it a very simple matter," said he. "Oh, just as easy as for me to catch that insect flying past me." Here he would grasp at an imaginary fly, and then after a little pause he would open his hand, saying, in solemn tones, "But I have missed it!"

Dean Ramsay tells of a Methodist collier in Somerset who preached from the text, "I can do all things." He then paused, and looking at the bible keenly, said, in his native dialect; "What's that thee says, Paul, 'I can do all things?' I'll bet thee half a crown o' that." So he took half a crown out of his pocket, and put it on the book. "However," he added, "let's see what the Apostle has to say for himself." So he read on to the next words, and in a breath added, "Oh, if that's the terms of the bet, I'm off," and he put the money into his purse again.

Texts have been often made to convey a covert meaning. When Pitt, as First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the age of twenty-three, revisited Cambridge, where he had graduated, Dr. Paley did not fail to note how he was courted by the leading members of the University covetous of his patronage. Next Sunday, Paley preached at St. Mary's before the University, and he chose for a text, "There is a lad here who hath five barley loaves and two small fishes," adding, as he looked round on the crowded church, "but what are they among so many?"

THE careful mother always keeps Salvation Oil handy, for cuts and bruises.

HIS FIRST IT.—A broker, who is well known on the New York Stock Exchange for his proclivities as a practical joker, made considerable fun for some of his associates last week. He is sojourning in the country at present and dispensing hospitality to numbers of his comrades. He is rated among them as a particularly bad marksman, and so it was that when he took a number of them around back of the barn, a few mornings since, and showed them a target painted on the back of the barn and a bullet embedded in the very centre of the bull's-eye, the first inquiry was:

"Who fired that shot?"

"I fired it, and from a distance of 200 yards, too," was his earnest reply.

"Oh! rats, rats."

"Come off, now."

"You could not hit the barn at that distance."

But he persisted in his assertion, and finally suggested that perhaps some of his friends would like to bet on it. He got two bets, one for a dinner for the crowd and another for a case of champagne. He then brought out two witnesses who solemnly declared that they had seen the shot fired by him from a distance of 200 yards and from a rifle. The witnesses were beyond suspicion and the bets were paid.

During the jubilee that followed the broker confessed that he had painted the target on the barn after he had fired the shot.

REGENERATION OF THE PARROT.—One day a man who had considerable experience of parrots happened to come in when I complained of the bird's loquacity, he said: "Why don't you get an owl? You get an owl and hang him up close to that parrot's cage, and in about two days you'll find that your bird's dead sick of unprofitable conversation." Well, I got a small owl and put him in a cage close to the parrot's cage. The parrot began by trying to dazzle the owl with his conversation, but it wouldn't work. The owl sat and looked at the parrot just as solemn as a minister whose salary had been cut down, and after a while the parrot tried him with Spanish. It wasn't of any use. Not a word would the owl let on to understand. Then the parrot tried bragging, and laid himself out to make the owl believe that of all the parrots in existence he was the ablest. But he couldn't turn a feather of the owl. The noble bird sat silent as the grave, and looked at the parrot as if to say, "This is indeed a melancholy exhibition of imbecility." Well, before night that parrot was so ashamed of himself that he closed for repairs, and from that day forth he never spoke an unnecessary word. Such, gentlemen, is the force of example in the worst of birds.

HE COULD WAIT.—The boy was sitting lazily in the stern of a boat dangling his feet in the water, when a man from the dock called sharply to him:

"What are you doing there?" he said.

"Nothin'," responded the boy.

"Do you get any pay for it?"

"Nope," and he drew one foot out of the water, ready to run, if necessary.

"Why don't you go to work?"

"Will you give me a job?"

"Yes."

"Steady?"

"Yes."

"Pay anything?"

"Well, no," hesitated the man, "not the first week."

"How about the second?"

"Then I will."

"All right; I'll come around the second week. This is good enough for me now," and the boy stuck the foot back in the water and winked at the man on the dock."

WHAT WE SUFFER FROM.—No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of fortune's gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us, if we lean upon them and expect to be considered for them, we shall sink into all the [illegible] of grief, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfurnished with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported by prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states; and, having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for in the midst of felicity we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

WAGES OF ENGLISH SERVANTS.—The waiter girl who brought in my chop and coffee said she got £12 ($60) per year, and worked from 7 in the morning till 9 at night, and Saturday nights 11 or 11.30; gets her food at the place, but sleeps away. In a private hotel the girl who does the chamberwork, answers the bell, runs errands, black the boots; gets £8 a year and board, but lodges away. A cook who has been in her prime six years, and cooks for 40 boys, gets £18, board and lodging, while the housemaids and sewing women get £14. Housemaids at the best houses get from £16 to £20 per year and board and lodging. The barmaids in hotels get in wages from nothing to £30 a year.

THE prudent always have Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup on hand. It is invaluable.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The oldest Bishop of the English Church in point of service is Dr. William Percy Austin, whose field of labor is the diocese of Guiana. He is 85 years old, and has been for fifty years a bishop.

It may be remembered that the Archduke Joseph has always shown deep interest in the Hungarian gypsies, whose language he has studied and with whom he is on the best footing. In his confident hope that something better than tinkers and tramps might be of them, he founded three small colonies, giving the colonists a house and a portion of land for their own. They seemed contented with their new life, but when the time came for harvest and for tilling the ground afresh, they remembered their former mode of living in the cool forest, and one night all the men of one colony decamped and have not been seen. The women are leaving one by one, and appear to regret giving up an orderly life under a thatched roof. The Archduke is much disappointed.

The smooth-raised edge around the face of modern coins and inclosing the device as a frame inclosing a picture not only adds a great deal to the beauty of the piece, but serves a double utilitarian purpose, first to protect the designs from wear, and second to afford a surface so that the coins may be piled up vertically one on top of another without danger of toppling over. As soon as the raised edge is worn from a coin it loses its clear beauty of design and fast degenerates into a mere characterless disk of metal. Owing to the long rest which metallic currency had in this country during the reign of greenbacks and shinplasters United States coins are remarkably clear cut and well preserved. Even coins minted before the war retain part of the milling.

One of the largest exhibits for the World's Columbian Exposition has arrived by the steamship Obdam, of the Netherland-American Company, at New York. The shipment consists of a German village. One-half is now on board the Obdam, while the other half will come by another of the Netherlands steamers. The first half, comprising 600 pieces, will be erected on the grounds of the World's Fair at Chicago. The village will occupy a space of 17,500 square feet, and consists of various buildings, markets and shops, a church, town hall and hotels, all in the style of the sixteenth century. There will be a castle containing antiquities, arms, etc., from German museums. Celebrated pieces from the Royal German Museum at Mayence will be exposed to view. The fashion of dress, decorations and the entire outfit will offer us an exact representation of the development of German culture, as known to us by history. The village will be called Chicago.

The negroes of Oklahoma seem to be flourishing and contented in spite of recent reports to the contrary. A traveler who has just passed through that region says: "The negroes in and around Guthrie are industrious and prospering. In the city we see quite a number of negro merchants, some of whom carry very nice stocks of goods, groceries mostly. In the surrounding country are scores of negro farmers. They generally cultivate small patches of from 10 to 20 acres, from six to eight families often occupying one claim of 160 acres. They seem to be very successful growers, and raise vegetables for the Guthrie market. They use the spade freely in their patches, and raise fine crops of turnips, sweet potatoes, melons, etc. There are five negro officials in this (Logan) county, one being a Justice of the Peace, one or two constables, one a member of the Board of education, and another a member of the City Council of Guthrie. There are also negro lawyers and doctors in Guthrie."

Our Young Folks.

HEMMED IN.

BY D. K.

"WE had better keep more toward the sea, Klaas; we're not so likely to meet any soldiers on that side."

"You're right there, Dirk—come along. It's light enough for the Frenchmen to see us if any of them are about; but we can't be very far from the fort, and once there we're safe."

The two sturdy little Dutch lads who spoke thus, just about daybreak on a chill gloomy morning in the end of March, were not exactly the sort of travelers whom one would have expected to find journeying alone through the south of Holland at a time when it was overrun by French soldiers, who were plundering and burning without mercy.

But, young as they both were—for Dick was barely twelve years old, and Klaas nearly a year younger—they had already done good service to their country.

In the small town where they lived they had found out by accident, the evening before, that a large French force which lay near it was to make a forced march that night in order to surprise the camp of one of the Dutch generals; and they instantly started off through the darkness to warn the general of the coming attack.

By good fortune, before they were half-way, they happened to fall in with a scouting party of cavalry sent out by General Van der Muylen, to whom they told their news; and then, as it was now too late to go back again, they decided to go on, and take refuge in the nearest fort held by their countrymen.

But by this time (as Klaas had said) it was quite light enough for them to be seen by anyone who passed; and this was an awkward matter, for they well knew that to hang them both, or to cut them limb from limb with sabre-strokes, would be thought a first-rate joke by the savage soldiers of France, or the bands of plunderers that followed in their train.

"What are we to do, Dirk, if we do meet any of those Frenchmen?"

"Make for the sea-dyke, to be sure, and climb it. No horse can get up there, and I don't think they'd care to try and follow us on foot."

The boy had hardly spoken when a shout away to the right made them both look round, and they saw, to their no small dismay, a squadron of light cavalry, in French uniform, and coming straight toward them!

These soldiers had been out all night on a plundering raid, and were now making their best of their way back to their own people with what booty they had picked up; and the two lads saw at once that, if caught, they would have to choose between acting as guides for the enemies of their country and being killed.

That the soldiers had seen them was plain enough, their red woolen caps being far too conspicuous to be unnoticed. As Dick had said, their only chance was to make for the dyke; while the French troopers spurred after them, calling loudly to them to stop.

"They must take us for great idiots," said Dirk with a grin, "if they think we are going to stop and have our heads cut off!"

The unequal race would soon have ended but for the soft swampy ground, into which the pursuers and their horses sank deep at every step. But this toiling through deep mud was terrible work for the tired boys, who had been on foot all night; and the French horsemen kept getting nearer and near, while the sheltering dyke still seemed a terribly long way off.

Klaas, the younger and weaker of the two, soon began to fail; and Dirk, almost at his wits' end, dragging him desperately onward.

"Courage, Klaas!" panted he. "Keep up just a little longer—the dyke is close at hand!"

It was, and a few minutes later they were scrambling up its steep face like squirrels, and spending their last breath in a mocking shout of farewell to their baffled pursuers.

But the brave lads reached their place of refuge only to meet a fresh disappointment, and find themselves face to face with a new peril.

The dyke was built along the inner crest of a sand-ridge, along which the boys had hoped to make their way to the fort outside the sea-wall, where the pursuers, if they kept up the chase, would be unable to reach them. But they now saw, with secret terror, that the high spring-tide and strongly westerly wind had raised the sea far above its usual limit. Even the crest of the ridge was covered, except the short strip upon which they stood; and on either side of it the waves were breaking in sheets of foam against the outer face of the dyke itself.

Meanwhile the French soldiers, seeing that their prey had escaped them, were at a loss what to do next, when all at once the foremost man caught sight of a thin stream of water trickling down the front of the dyke!

"Fly, comrades!" he shouted, turning his horse's head; "the dyke's going to break!"

But the warning came too late. As they turned to fly, the face of the dyke fell in with a tremendous crash, and through a gap twenty feet wide the sea came roaring in, sweeping away those stalwart horsemen like straws.

But the boys, though thus unexpectedly delivered from their enemies, were no better off than before; for the sea had now hemmed them in on every side, and they could neither go forward nor back. They soon found, too, that the tide was still coming in, and threatening to overwhelm even the narrow strip of sand upon which they had found refuge.

Dick dragged Klaas up to the highest point, and stood in front of him as if to protect him, while the waves broke at their feet, and lashed their faces with pelting spray.

Dashing the brine from his smarting eyes, the elder boy looked anxiously seaward in the hope of sighting a passing boat, which was now their only chance of life; for just at that moment a huge billow came foaming up right over the whole breadth of the sand-strip, swirling round their ankles where they stood.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Dirk all at once, "I see a fishing-boat out yonder. Let us wave our caps and shout with all our might."

They did so, and fortunately succeeded in attracting the attention of the fishermen, who made all haste to the rescue.

Though the brave boys knew it not, the bursting of that dyke had done good service to Holland; for it swelled a small river which the French army was then crossing, so as to cut their force in two; and in the midst of their dilemma General Van der Muylen and his bold Dutchmen fell upon the invaders and gave them such a beating as was long remembered by the few who survived it.

As for the two young heroes themselves, they were put ashore at their native place on the following morning; and, the news of their exploit having got abroad, they were eagerly welcomed by the whole town.

THE GIRAFFE AT HOME.

The most beautiful point about the giraffe is the eye, which is large, dark, full, and of the most melting tenderness, and shaded by long lashes. The eyes of the most beautiful gazelle cannot hope to surpass the bewitching softness of the timid giraffe's. Dependent as this animal is, from its sheer defencelessness, for its safety upon its scent and vision, these senses are extraordinarily acute; and the eye is so formed and set in the head that the animal has, without moving, a wide field of vision both in front and rear.

The pace of this animal is singularly deceptive. When the hunter first sets eyes on it as it moves away, he thinks it is merely going slowly at a curious gliding walk, and can be quickly overtaken. He canters slowly, and is surprised to find he is still losing ground. Even at a hard gallop it takes a good South African horse to run up to a giraffe; and unless a tremendous dash is made during the first mile of chase, forcing your horse at top speed with spur and sjambok, the tall quarry is as likely as not to get clean away from you. When pressed, the gait is most extraordinary. The giraffe progresses by moving two legs on one side simultaneously, and when forced to its greatest speed, its action resembles a series of striding leaps in which the hindlegs are kept very wide apart. As it runs thus, the great neck swings up and down, and the long black tail switches with the regularity of clockwork.

As a rule, the giraffe is found in open bushy forests, and when pursued, it invariably runs for the most thorny and entangling portion. Its own thick hide and great weight enables it easily to force a way through the densest obstacles, which tear the rider and his horse terribly. It is not only advisable, it is a necessity to wear a stout thick cord coat when hunting these animals in forest-country.

Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which these tall creatures duck and evade the branches of trees. The long neck is bent and the beautiful head lowered, so that branches which all but graze the withers are passed; and the operation is performed with great rapidity. In the same manner trees and bushes are avoided with sudden and astounding ease, the great creatures sheering and tacking in thick forest in a perfectly bewildering way.

Curious though it may seem, the giraffe is extremely hard to find in forest-country, even although a troop may be feeding with their heads above bushes and low trees within the vision of the hunter. The long neck has a strange resemblance to the trunks and limbs of dead trees, and the coloring of the beast assimilates very wonderfully, especially in winter, with the sun-scorched vegetation, the yellow glare around, and the play of the light and shade through foliage. Every distant tree or limb is therefore most anxiously scanned when giraffes are known to be in the neighborhood.

The flesh of young giraffes and of fat cows especially is excellent; there is the least musky flavor perhaps, but it is not unpleasant. The tongue and marrow-bones are great delicacies, the latter, particularly, furnishing the rarest and most delicious banquet of the African hunter.

Few beasts of the chase are more poorly endowed with means of defence; but even the mild giraffe when wounded and brought to a stand, will, if the hunter approaches from the front, chop at him with its forefoot, and a blow from such a limb is a very hard one. I have questioned many hunters on this point, and cannot ascertain that the giraffe uses its legs in any other system of defence.

A QUEER BAROMETER.—One of the most curious of the many natural barometers consists of a half pint glass half full of water, a piece of muslin and a leech. The leech must be put in the water and the muslin tied over the top of the glass so that the creature cannot get out again. When a fine weather is to be the order of the day the leech will remain at the bottom of the water, coiled up in spiral shape, and perfectly motionless. If rain is to be expected it will creep to the top of the glass, and remain there until there is a likelihood of more settled weather. If there is to be a storm of wind the little animal will contort itself violently and squirm about. For some days before thunder it will keep out of the water almost all the time, and will occasionally move its body in a convulsive fashion. For frosty weather it behaves in the same manner as for fine, and it foretells snow in the same manner as it does rain.

EDUCATION.—To educate a man is to unfold his faculties, to give him the free and full use of his powers, and especially his best powers. It is first to train the intellect, to give him a love of truth, and to instruct him in the process by which it may be acquired. It is to train him to soundness of judgment, to teach him to weigh evidence, and to guard against the common sources of error. It is to give him a thirst for knowledge, which will keep his faculties in action through life. It is to aid him in the study of the outward world, to initiate him into the physical sciences, so that he will understand the principles of his trade or business, and will be able to comprehend the phenomena which are continually passing before his eyes. It is to make him acquainted with his own nature, to give him that most important means of improvement, self-comprehension.

A MATRIMONIAL MASCOT.—Mrs. Mary Brown, colored, is a matrimonial mascot who never fails to be on hand at wedding events. She is aged about 60, married, and has lived in Jeffersonville, Ind., since the war. It is said that she has attended every wedding solemnized in public places within that time; how many she can not recall, but they number in the five figures. In some instances she has been tendered invitations, but in the majority of cases she goes whether wanted or not. No matter how fashionable the affair, nor how crowded the edifice, she takes her stand near the aisle, and awaits the coming of the bride and groom elect. She is the first to leave the church, and she will descant for weeks on the loveliness of the bride and manliness of the groom. Many times she is not wanted, but that is a small matter. She has an irresistible desire to be present, and she cares little who objects. She is a hard-working woman, supporting a husband by the sweat of her brow.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Switzerland boasts of a 900-year-old hotel.

The Russians invented wood paving for streets.

The ashes of burnt corks make good black paint.

Missouri City, Mo., has a cat with 8 legs and 4 tails.

Only 9 per cent. of all operations in amputation are fatal.

Westbrook, Conn., boasts of a dog that is fond of watermelon.

Cider brandy made in 1820 is owned by a West Hartford, Conn., man.

Mary B. Newkirk, of Seattle, Wash., has become insane from a nightmare.

Three boy burglars, aged 7, 12 and 13 years, were arrested in Jersey City recently.

The Democratic wheelmen of Nashua, N. H., have formed a bicycle campaign company.

Wilson's Mills, N. H., lays claim to a turkey gobbler 2 years old that weighs 43 pounds.

Over a dozen people were bitten by mad dogs inside of 30 hours, at Anderson, Ind., recently.

The 32 teeth in the mouth of a resident of Salmon Falls, Mass., are reported to be all double.

Over 20 patents were issued last month for improvements in the bicycle or some of its attachments.

There are said to be 1114 patent reme-dies for colds in the list at the United States Patent Office.

Carriages fitted up with electric lamps were used in speeding the late Pan-American.

Berlin has Sunday laws under which no one is permitted to work more than five hours during the day.

The bitter substance of strychnine is so intense that its taste can be detected in 000,000 times its weight of water.

The man who discovered that a rubber tip is the proper caper on the end of a lead pencil made a clean $300,000.

At the Castle of Simonetta, in Italy, there is claimed to be an angle in the building that re-echoes a pistol shot 41 times.

The attention of the Musicians' Union is respectfully directed to the fact that a rat at Valdosta, Ga., has been heard to sing like a bird.

By the opening of the new Russian railway from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock, it will be possible to make the tour of the world in 40 days.

There are reputed to be 110,000,000 of the big old copper pennies lying unused somewhere in this country. Few of the old pennies get back to the Mint.

Impressions on the eye are permanently continuous which are repeated seven times in a second. On this is founded the toy called the thaumatrope.

An inmate of the Bates county, Mo., poorhouse died lately whose head was three feet in circumference, and the weight of whose brain was said to be 14 ounces.

So extensive are the feeding grounds and so rapid the movements of the wild ostrich that as many as 50 or 60 miles are often traveled by it between daybreak and dark.

On the farm of George Harter, near Yuba City, Cal., there is a mule that came across the plains in 1854, and still is able to do considerable work, and is fat and healthy.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Scott, wife of James A. Scott, and for nearly fifty years a subscriber to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, recently died at Marionville, this State, in her 84th year.

Paris will shortly have a new theatre known as the "Theatre of the Pen and the Thought." Performances will be given in the usual language of the deaf and dumb, namely, by signs.

An Illinois banker put a mark on the money he paid out on a late Saturday to the wage-workers of the town who patronized his bank. Of the $700 thus paid out nearly half of it came back to him on Monday from saloons in the district.

The New Hampshire editors have passed in the midst of their arduous campaign work to write about Mr. J. P. Marsh's full-blooded, short-horn Durham bull. Mr. Marsh is a Littleton farmer, and the remarkable things about his Durham bull are that he is but six years old, measures 10 feet and 10 inches in length, stands 17½ hands high, weighs 1215 pounds, and is worth $300 if he is worth a cent.

Among the various plans for celebrating the Columbus centenary in Spain, perhaps the most original is that hit upon by a number of artists at Barcelona. They propose one night during the festivities to project upon a neighboring mountain peak a colossal shadow of the great navigator. The scheme is regarded as quite practicable, and it is even hoped that with the help of the electric light it may be put into effect without [illegible]

TELL ME.

BY W. W. LONG.

If there is aught in your heart, my sweet,
That stretches across the world to me,
Of sorrow's shadow, or cold, dumb fear,
If you would forever from me be free,
For the sake of our fond love's long ago,
Sweet, my sweet, now tell me so.

Down in the nethermost depths of your heart
Does love's fond flame burn less bright—
Tell me, dear, would you miss me much,
If I went forever from your sight?
For the sake of our great love's long ago,
Sweet, my sweet, now tell me so.

GIANTOLOGY.

A member of the French Academy, M. Henrion, propounded, in 1718, a curious theory, according to which the human race has gradually decreased in stature. Our progenitor, Adam, says the learned academician, was one hundred and twenty-three feet nine inches in height; Eve was one hundred and eighteen feet nine inches; Noah was twenty-seven feet; Abraham, twenty feet; and Moses, thirteen feet in height.

Whence M. Henrion derived his information we cannot so much as guess; but we are glad to know, on his assurance, that a process, apparently designed to whittle away the human race to a vanishing point, suddenly and permanently ceased at the beginning of the Christian era. That there were races of giants in the earlier ages of the world has been a common belief; which may be found stated in such widely divergent books as Pliny's Natural History, and St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei."

Most nations of the world have traditions of their ancestors, handed down from prehistoric times, and we invariably find that there were giants in those days. The hearers of Homer's "Odyssey" had no manner of doubt that, somewhere beyond the sea, there dwelt monsters similar to that Polyphemus whose single eye Ulysses destroyed with a firebrand. And that this is a mere tradition of pre-Hellenic barbarism, magnified through the mist of time, is a comparatively modern discovery.

In 1536 the veracious Sir John Maundeville had some account to give of what looks very like the Cyclops; for he says: "In one of these yles ben folk of gret stature, as geauntes, and they ben hidouse for to look upon, and thei han but on eye, and that is in the myddle of the front."

But, apart from the existence of monsters, such as the poetry and folk-lore of every nation abounds in, there appears to have been a general impression that the men of old were taller men than now. The Hindoos have a tradition of a giant race who bestrode elephants as we do horses. The Grecian heroes, at the siege of Troy, were said to have thrown stones at their enemies which the strongest of their descendants could not move.

Homer and Virgil speak of the men of their own day as mere dwarfs in comparison with those elder heroes of whom they sang. So strongly did this idea take possession of the Greek mind, that their actors, when personating the traditionary heroes on the stage, made themselves taller with buskins, lengthened their arms with gauntlets, and padded themselves out to appear of proportionate breadth and strength.

Many readers of the "Idylls of the King" will be astonished to hear that, according to one account of him, the blameless Arthur was "fifteen foote long in the prime of his yers;" that Queen Quinivere was twelve feet high; and Sir Gawaine, twelve feet and a half.

When Queen Elizabeth visited Kenilworth Castle, in 1575, there were six gigantic figures, eight feet in height, standing over the castle gate. And a contemporary writer says: "By this dumb show it was meant that in the daies of King Arthur men were of that stature. So that the Castle of Kenilworth should seem still to be kept by King Arthur's heirs and their servants."

We may pass by the Anakim and other giant races spoken of in the Bible, for the reason that, from the Septuagint downwards, there appears to have been some ambiguity about the use of the word giant in Scripture. Rabbinical glosses and interpretations may be found in plenty; but they only make matters worse. We are told, for instance, that Og, King of Bashan, escaped the Flood, by wading, only knee deep, beside the Ark; that he lived three thousand years; that one of his bones long served for a bridge; and that once, being hungry, he roasted a freshly-caught fish at the sun! What kind of fish this was, or how it it was caught, the rabbins do not say.

Mr. Tylor, in his "Early History of Mankind," tells us that the earliest discoveries of large fossil bones, such as those of the mammoth and mastodon, were always spoken of as discoveries of gigantic human bones. When a tooth, weighing four pounds and three-quarters, and a thigh-bone seventeen feet long, were found in New England, Dr. Increase Mather addressed a paper to the Royal Society of London on the subject, and quoted them as conclusive proof of the immense stature of antediluvian man.

There are many stories of gigantic human remains during the Middle Ages. In 1613, some masons, digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphine, in a field traditionally called the "giant's field," discovered a tomb, and therein a skeleton, said to be a human skeleton, entire. It measured twenty-five feet six inches in length, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet from breast to back. This is very circumstantial, but we are sorry to say it is entitled to no more credit on that score.

Quetelet has shown the principle on which variations in the size of sundry individuals of a race may be accounted for. It may perhaps be sufficient to state here that the existence of a giant twenty feet high can be shown to involve the existence of a race whose average height is between thirteen and fourteen feet. When we are asked to believe in the existence of the former, we may fairly ask for some proof of the existence of the latter. Quetelet avers that the tallest man whose stature has been authentically recorded was a Scotchman, who measured eight feet three inches, and was secured for his regiment of gigantic guards by the indefatigable Frederick the Great.

Grains of Gold.

Physic is usually but a substitute for temperance.

Successful treachery is worse than honest defeat.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

The failure of one man is the opportunity of another.

No man is pure in his heart who is not pure in his politics.

The only truly brave people are those who are not afraid of the truth.

No man can ever be free who will not sign a personal declaration of independence.

If there is wickedness in the heart, it is sure, sooner or later, to break out at the mouth.

The only way to get people to stop doing wrong is to get them to stop thinking wrong.

A hypocrite always stretches himself up a little taller every time he sees a good man backslide.

The main difference between a wise man and a fool is that the wise man's blunders always teach him something.

Idleness and poverty is a dangerous mixture; the compound is almost sure to produce dishonest cunning or rank rascality.

How much easier it is to sit in the shade and tell our friends what we intend to do, than it is to go out in the sun and do it.

Every one we meet knows something which we do not, and may improve and instruct us, if we are only humble and sincere enough to learn of him.

All means of action—the shapeless masses, the materials—lie everywhere about us; what we need is the celestial fire to change the flint into transparent crystal, bright and clear.

Femininities.

To be gentle is the test of a lady.

Powdered-hair socials are popular at Los Angeles, Cal.

A man who is true to himself is a friend to everybody.

The evening corsage comes low, but the girls must have it.

A woman with a wart on her nose always hates a looking glass.

It always does a mean man good to swear at a mule or kick a dog.

A philanthropic Austrian woman has built and endowed a home for mothers-in-law.

Bridal garters are always white elastic, with a soft frill of lace which falls over the knee.

A young lady named Smith jilted a young man named Smith when he asked her if she wouldn't change her name.

Dr. Thirdly: Does it take much practice to ride a bicycle? Dick Hicks: Oh, you have to practice some, off and on.

Maine lays claim to a Chinese citizen. His name is Wah Ngock Lee, who married a Maine school teacher some time ago.

"I dread to go to Miss Chicago's reception this evening." "Why, dear?" "Four of my old husbands are going to be there."

The women of a Hutchinson, Kan., church recently gave a supper which was composed of eatables beginning with the letter B.

"I see Miss Sanders and Miss Smiley are together all the time. What dear friends they must be!" "Not at all. You see, each of them has an unmarried brother."

Hojack: Statistics show that the average height of the American woman is two inches greater than it was 25 years ago. Tomdik: Yes, they come higher, but we must have them.

Jess: Miss Fitz confided in me that she never had a proposal in her life. Bess: Poor thing! I don't wonder she is desperate. Why doesn't she try teaching in a Chinese Sunday-school?

Should a wife know her husband's income? is a question which a lot of disputationists are wasting time over. It does not matter a particle whether she should or shouldn't—she will.

"Seven cents to a poor girl to make a shirt!" exclaimed Hardfax, "and ten to a Chinese laundryman to spit on it and iron it each week! That's what they call protection to American industry!"

Descendants of the Mayflower and the Half Moon will have to take a back seat in the years to come, when aristocratic old ladies shall tell of the highly exclusive quarantined fleet of 1892.

Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, Mrs. Louis Agassiz and Mrs. O. W. Peabody are among the Boston ladies who recently signed a protest against docking horses' tails.

It is in the relaxation of security, it is in the expansion of prosperity, it is in the hour of dilation of the heart, and of its softening into festivity and pleasure that the real character of men is discerned.

"Ekernomerkal parties" are the latest fad at Muncie, Ind. Each maiden and man attire themselves in the most "ekernomerkal" costume their ingenuity can invent, and a prize is awarded to the most meritorious.

She was a girl of wisdom. He said to her: "Do you love to wander in the moonlight?" "Yes," she answered. "Why?" "Because it saves gas." Then he did some mental arithmetic, thought it over and said: "Will you be mine?"

The beautiful and daring wife of Lieutenant Peary, who braved the rigors and perils of a winter in the Arctic regions, and who has been nearer the North Pole than has any other civilized woman, is said to be only about 23 years of age.

It is said that in China the wife is very seldom mentioned by her husband, but when he does mention her it is always in some roundabout way. He has some name that he calls her in his flowery language which takes the place of the word wife.

Mrs. Mary Green, aged 84 years, of Scarboro, Me., has, during the past months, "spun 32 skeins of yarn, knitted five pairs of stockings, picked three bushels of blueberries and tended large flocks of chickens and ducks besides doing much general housework."

"A young man is coming to see my sister right along now," says a small boy, "and every time I go into the parlor he gives me some money to go out and buy some candy and then when I come back Sis won't let me stay in the parlor, 'cause my hands is sticky. That's why I don't see much of him."

The ex-Empress Eugenie suffers so painfully from rheumatism that she is barely able to walk without the aid of a cane or the supporting arm of an attendant. She is to all intents a confirmed invalid, physically a mere ghost of the beauty of the Second Empire, and her once wonderful hair, the pride of Paris coiffeurs, is snow white.

Masculinities.

The man who owns the landscape is seldom the one who pays tax on it.

You never get to know a man very well until you have seen him far from home.

Philip Rau, Sr., of Connelton, Ind., celebrated his 103d birthday a short time ago.

My friend is one who takes me for what I am; a stranger takes me for something else than what I am.

A man who claimed to be 100 years old was lately sent to prison for three months, in Russia, for petty theft.

Sadie Maupin, of Broken Bow, Neb., died from the effects of abscesses, caused by the extraction of some teeth.

A fever patient is considered convalescent when his temperature is normal (98.4 degrees) throughout a day and a night.

W. Jasper Williamson, aged 70 years, and Miss Fannie Ingraham, 29 years old, both of Forsyth county, Ga., were lately married.

A Boston clergyman on a recent Sunday preached on Whittier in the morning and on the Sullivan-Corbett fight in the evening.

People who live in stone houses shouldn't throw glasses, unless they particularly desire to notify the neighbors that the honeymoon is over.

It is not always the man who looks the wisest who knows the most; but most people don't know this, so that it will pay you to look just as wise as you possibly can.

Dr. Hammond, of Washington, has collected 70 cases which have occurred in that city during the last ten years of men dying suddenly from running after street cars.

The fathers of New Guinea sell their daughters for an ax apiece. Down in New Guinea when a blushing maiden favors a young man's suit she shyly murmurs, "Ax papa."

He: I have decided to ask your father's consent by letter, Pauline. Now, what sort of a letter would you advise me to make it? She: I think, Horace, that I would make it an anonymous letter.

In a Wiltshire, England, paper the following advertisement lately appeared: "Notice.—Baptizing by the Rev. A. E. Johnson, Stommore Water, next Sunday at 10.30 A. M. Photographers invited."

"Do birds think?" asks a writer in opening an article. If they do, we should like to know what a canary thinks of a woman who stands up on a chair and talks baby through the bars of the cage.

Frank Fanta, of Second avenue, New York, was very fond of liquor, and drank to excess. Recently a physician told him that he would die if he did not stop drinking. Procuring a revolver, Fanta shot himself dead.

What's in a name? Grover Cleveland Hayes, not quite 7 years old, has been brought before Justice Dooley, in Chicago, with four companions, charged with breaking into freight cars and stealing wine, shoes and books.

The largest man in Kentucky is said to be Ross Skaggs, of Lawrence county, who weighs 501 pounds, and is six feet eight inches tall. His arm measures two feet in circumference and his thighs three feet. He is 31 years of age.

A New London, Conn., maiden ate nine plates of ice cream, one right after the other, the other day. She topped off the feast with several peaches and pears and a large bunch of grapes. It took the physicians several hours' hard work to get her into shape to live longer.

A Missouri man who helped lynch a married man some years ago has had an attack of conscience and is going to repair damages by marrying the widow. The angels will smile at this union, and some of them may have to stuff their hales into their mouths to keep from laughing.

There is a man in Java who makes a good living as a prophet. He has been paid £80 a year for the last 15 years for not predicting a tidal wave which will sweep clear over the island. The credulous natives believe that he has the power to attract a wave that will overwhelm the country.

The report that the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia is to marry an untitled widow is confirmed. She is immensely wealthy and lives on the estates near Nurin left her by her husband, who was a fur dealer. The Grand Duke will renounce all his special rights in order that he may marry her.

The passion of Americans for parliamentary procedure was well illustrated at the Texas Republican State Convention by the motion of a delegate to amend the opening prayer. The clergyman had asked a blessing for one of the candidates, and an enthusiastic delegate desired the extension of the Divine influence to his particular friend.

A coyote entered an open window in the central part of Florence, A. T., recently. Mr. Ortis, lying on a cot, became conscious that something had brushed past him. He hastily closed the window and struck a light, and there, to his amusement, was a full-grown wild-eyed, terrified coyote from the desert, crouching in the corner of his room. The animal was soon captured.

ABOUT BEER.

Beer is not only an ancient institution—it is in some sort a royal one. The existence of the present Sovereign may be said to be in a manner due to it, in this way: The mother of Queen Anne was Lady Ann Hyde, who was the daughter of Lord Clarendon. The mother of Lady Ann Hyde was the widow of a brewer, who had been wont to employ Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, as his lawyer. Now, if beer had not been in existence, there would have been no brewer; and had there been no brewer, Sir Edward Hyde would not have been brought into business relations with one; had he not had business relations with the brewer, he would not have made the acquaintance of the brewer's wife; had he not known and admired the brewer's wife, he would not have married the brewer's widow; had he not married the brewer's widow, there would have been no Ann Hyde; if there was no Ann Hyde, there would have no Queen Anne; and if there had been no Queen Anne, where should we have been now? Clearly we owe a great deal more to beer than we are accustomed to think!

It is known that when the Spaniards went to South America, they found beer in use by the Indians. This was "chica," or maize-beer, the origin of which is buried in the most remote antiquity.

When the Romans came to Britian they found beer in use there. Eumenes, in the year 295, said that in Britian there was such abundance of corn, that it served the people not only for bread, but also for a drink like wine. It was such an established product of the land, that we find Ina, King of the West Saxons, in the seventh century, exacting tribute to the extent of twelve ambers of ale from every possessor of ten hides of land.

There is reason to believe that beer was a known and common beverage four hundred years before Christ. Certainly, such a beverage is referred to by Xenophon, 401 B. C.; and Herodotus credits the wife of Osiris with the discovery of the art of making it.

This then gives it an Egyptian origin, and Tacitus says that it was from the Egyptians that the Romans, as well as the Germans, learned how to make a fermented liquor from grain. And to this day the Egyptian fellaheen make a beverage by pouring hot water on ground barley, which they leave to ferment for one day and then drink. The "sehekar" mentioned by Moses was doubtless this decoction, and the "strong drink" of St. Luke was probably the same thing.

And here a curious thing may be noted. Dr. Shaw, writing about the Egyptian customs, says: "The most vulgar people among them made a sort of beer, without being malted, and they put something in it to make it intoxicate, and called it "Bouzy." They make it ferment; it is thick, and will not keep longer than three or four days." So many strange things come out of Africa, that we need not be surprised that both the habit of "boozing," and our now vernacular word "boozy," should have come thence.

To cite some other ancient authorities in support of the testimony of Herodotus: Diodorus Siculus says that Bacchus taught men to make a stronger liquor of barley in places where the grape will not grow, and that the Gauls made such a liquor because their climate would not permit them to make wine. Pliny says that in his time such a drink was in general use throughout Europe—the Europe of his day was small—and that in Gaul and Spain they had a substance (yeast), made from the froth of this liquor, which made their bread light, and was also used by the ladies as a wash for the complexion.

Isodorus describes the very method by which grain was converted into malt—first, they wetted the grain, then they powdered it, and then they drew from it a liquid which they afterwards fermented. Isodorus, however, is referring to the Egyptian, not the European, beer. St. Jerome, again (Eusebius), speaks of both ale, cider and mead, as three liquors used for purposes of intoxication; but says that ale—made from barley—was most commonly used in Europe.

According to another old writer, the Druids were regular makers of beer. They soaked the grain in water and made it germinate, then they dried and ground it, then they infused it in water and fermented the liquid, just as the ancient Egyptians are said to have done.

It is, in fact, impossible to put a date to the beginning of the art of making barley-wine, or what was in England formerly called ale. But the art of hopping, by which was made what is now called beer, seems to be of German origin. The hop plant was well known to our old herbalists; but nevertheless, hops for brewing purposes were brought over from the Netherlands in 1524, and by 1552, they had a recognized place in the English Statute Book.

THE BAYONET.—"The most ridiculous weapon known to modern warfare is the bayonet," says Colonel Michael Gallaway in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Civilians seem to suppose that the bayonet plays an important part in all battles—that the tide is invariably turned by this romantic, hump-shouldered frog-sticker. Now, as a matter of fact, you could bury in a ten-acre lot all the men who have been killed with the bayonet during the past century, and the graves would not be crowded, either. The bayonet is supposed to transform a regiment of musketeers into a Macedonian phalanx for close fighting, but it does not. It supplies neither the spear of Greece nor the short sword of Rome. It is a hybrid weapon, fit only to prod camp loiterers with. A regiment will come sweeping up to a breastwork with fixed bayonets, but once inside the men turn the butts of their guns or go for their side arms. They realize that the bayonet is but a dress-parade weapon. In our modern battles the antagonists seldom come into actual contact. Battles are now fought with bullets instead of bayonets, and the latter, always a clumsy affair of doubtful utility, has become an altogether worthless incumbrance. General Grant recommended that it be abolished in the United States service and the six-shooter substituted for close fighting. The recommendation was a good one. While the bayonet is the most worthless of all weapons invented by man, the six-shooter is the most deadly short-range tool ever devised. Give me a club three feet long and I'll whip any man who tries to bayonet me; give me a six-shooter and I'll make a bad break in any column of bayonets."

THE DEAD LIVED AGAIN.—They are playing Buffalo Bill at the Denver Opera-house. One of the tableaux was the Mountain Meadow massacre, illuminated by glaring colored flames. Some one surreptitiously mingled a quantity of red pepper with the material for producing tinted flame, and the mixture sputtered, flashed, splashed, sparkled, hissed, crackled, and flew in fiery blistering showers over the hands and faces of the dead, whose vitality was restored in a miraculously natural manner. One of the murdered women, who lay upon her back dead as a door-nail, revived with a starling suddenness; other corpses writhed, rolled, flopped, howled, and groaned.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.—We shall not succeed in being pleasant abroad if we practise nothing but detestability at home. If a husband is rude to his wife, his politeness to others is a mere surface sham. If a young man is rude to his mother, he is not truly courteous to any one else. If he does not act as rudely towards some others, it is because he is a coward as well as a ruffian, and is afraid to do it. He who is rude to a sister or a younger brother will be rude to all, except those whom he sees holding vengeance in their fists. And awkwardly enough will he play the agreeable to other people's sisters who has practised nothing but the arts of torment upon his own.

THE ARMORED DIVER.—A new toy which has been invented by a Parisian is a clever imitation of a diver. The small figure, attired in complete diver's dress, part of which conceals an india rubber ball, is attached to a tube, the other end of which is furnished with a second ball. When the diver is placed in a basin of water he sinks, but rises to the surface when the outer ball is compressed, thus sending the air through the tube and inflating the hidden ball.

ANTIQUITY OF KID GLOVES.—It is not generally known that kid gloves are of great antiquity. They are mentioned in the 16th verse of the 27th chapter of Genesis, where Rebekah, after arraying her son Jacob in neat attire, thus completed his toilet, "And she put the skins of the kids of the goats upon his hands, and upon the smooth of his neck."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

TWO GRAND SOUVENIRS
FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS!

❀CHARMING!❀ ❀BEAUTIFUL!❀

Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella

ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, N. Y.

In 1492 the life of Columbus became associated with our western world, and one of the events which led to the discovery of the New World is portrayed in this great painting. The original was painted by Vaclar Brozik. It is recognized as the great pictorial history of the signing of the contract between Columbus and Ferdinand and Isabella by which the means were furnished to enable him to discover the New World.

The moment chosen by this artist is the beginning of American History. Ferdinand and Isabella are seen upon the dual throne of Spain. Columbus is in the foreground presenting his claims before the royal power. He has forgotten the rebuffs and disappointments of the past eighteen years when every avenue to success seemed closed against him. His clear eyes are fixed upon the Queen whose pose and expression indicate her sympathy and belief in his views. The contract is spread out upon the table, and Ferdinand with pen in hand is hesitating when Isabella exclaims "I undertake this enterprise for my own crown and pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." There are 30 figures in the picture many of them being portraits and the scene is in the throne chamber.

The rich, gorgeous coloring of the toilets of the assembled court, combined with graceful pose, technical skill and rare imaginative power, make this picture pre-eminently one of the best Art Works yet issued to the public. By special permission a reproduction has been made from the original painting by one of the best Artists, in a convenient size, with all the portraits perfect and a fac-simile in full colors of the original. Such a picture at a time when the World's Columbian Exposition is about to be held will be a welcome Souvenir in every household.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

ORIGINAL IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

The original of this picture has been for many years the great attraction in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. It was painted by Vanderlyn and has the same soft mellow tone that time has given to the old masters. It is familiar to all who have visited the Capitol.

In the offing are seen the "Santa Maria," "Pinta," and "Nina." Columbus and his followers are in the foreground clothed with all the splendor of polished armor, purple and gold, while behind this group is seen the Cross borne aloft by chanting monks. With the Standard of Spain in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, Columbus has landed upon the New World and taken possession in the name of his Sovereigns. On the left of the picture, are seen the natives in their nude simplicity, paying homage to the white men whom they suppose have descended from heaven.

It is most fortunate that this early painting has been carefully preserved by the U. S. Government as the time has arrived when the achievements of the great navigator, who carried the Cross into the darkness of the unknown west, are dear to those who dwell in the land. There are very few Columbian relics remaining and in the World's Columbian Exposition which is about to be celebrated, the event portrayed in this painting is to be re-enacted on our shores.

The Spanish and United States Governments propose to build a new, "Santa Maria," "Nina" and "Pinta" and sail into the harbor of New York and thence to Chicago by the way of the canals and Great Lakes. They will be fitted out in every particular like their great prototypes four-hundred years ago, and will have on board Spaniards in the costumes exactly copied from those seen in this wonderful Picture.

These Pictures which we offer (size 21x28 inches each) are in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line.

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The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

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INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

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Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

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RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 CENTS per box. Sold by all druggists.

If your druggist or storekeeper does not happen to have Radway's Pills on hand, send 25 cts. for one box or $1 for five boxes of Pills, to Radway & Co., 32 Warren st., New York, and WE WILL SEND THEM BY MAIL.

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"The Snare of the Fowler," by Mrs. Alexander, is one of the best novels that ever came from the pen of this prolific and popular author. And to increase its charm it has been gotten up as to paper, printing and binding in a style as tasteful and charming as the story itself. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Music" is out and shows continual improvement. This magazine is the finest of its kind ever issued in this country. Published at Chicago.

"St. Nicholas" for October with the change of the season has taken on a less summer character in its contents, but is just as delightful in pictures and reading as ever. Published at New York.

"The American Magazine of History" for October, like all issues of this fine work, is filled from cover to cover with historical matter of the highest value and interest. Published at New York.

MRS. LEWIS NOSEK and her 18-month-old baby of St. Louis have been visiting Mrs. Nosek's parents in Cleveland, Ohio, and were returning to their Western home. While the train was going at a speed of 40 miles an hour, Baby Nosek became fretful and suddenly leaped from his mother's arms and fell through the open window. His mother and other ladies in the car screamed with fright. The train was stopped and backed to the place where the baby lay, but, instead of finding a mangled, lifeless body, the little one was found sitting on a pile of gravel near the track. He was uninjured except for a slight bruise on his forehead.

Cholera.

It should not be forgotten that Radway's Ready Relief has been of great efficacy in curing cases of cholera morbus and bowel complaints, nausea, vomiting and empty retchings. It allays the most violent cramps and spasms, it infuses warmth to the cold and shrivelled extremities, and restores strength and vigor to the whole system, thereby rendering Radway's Ready Relief a most valuable medicine to be used on the first symptoms, as a means of protecting the system against cholera; and in the event of an attack of cholera, doing something of a safe nature until the arrival of a physician. RADWAY & Co.,

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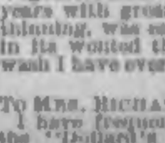
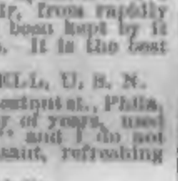


1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.



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No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly inlining, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

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Directions for Home Treatment with each box. Immediate relief. Box 50c. Trial Box and Salve Injector, $1

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PILES Remedy Free. INSTANT RELIEF. Final cure in 10 days. Never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. A victim tried in vain every remedy has discovered a simple cure, which he will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

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Epidemic Cholera and Consumption.

The current (SEPTEMBER) number of THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE, published in this city under the caption of "Epidemic Cholera," speaking of its appropriate treatment, concludes as follows: "In addition to these remedies I would strongly recommend the early, free, and persistent inhalation of Bi-ozone, as well as the internal use of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Ozone, if introduced into the system, will destroy these germs, whether in the lungs or in the stomach, and with an increased oxidation of the blood the circulation is equalized AND COLLAPSE PREVENTED."

The same issue also has the following article from the pen of its editor, an eminent medical writer and practitioner:

"BI-OZONE as a REMEDIAL AGENT."

"Imperfect oxidation always results in the accumulation of effete material which is deposited in various organs and tissues of the body and thus gives rise to a variety of diseases. To correct such defects the profession have long endeavored to find some means by which oxygen could be introduced into the system so as to oxidize these deposits and thus remove the cause of disease.

"At one time chemical agents, rich in oxygen, were freely administered. Again, oxygen gas by inhalation was proposed. In some few instances air-tight rooms were constructed and air forced into them until a pressure of two atmospheres was secured. Patients were then placed in these rooms for a specified time with the view of obtaining an increased supply of oxygen by inhaling this compressed air. None of these methods, however, have proved satisfactory and imperfect oxidation of the blood has been one of the great difficulties with which medical men have had to contend.

"Various preparations of peroxide of hydrogen have been introduced to the profession, and all of them have been valuable acquisitions to the therapeutic art; but it has remained for Mr. N. Helmer to give us his bi-ozone treatment, which makes it possible for the patient to inhale ozone directly into the lungs as often as it may be necessary to do so. His method is a simple one, and from our personal experience we believe it the most efficacious that has yet been devised. He supplies a superior peroxide of hydrogen, a quantity of which is heated with water, and to this is added another chemical agent which sets the oxygen free for immediate inhalation. The chemical action which thus takes place sets free a gas which the usual tests prove to be ozone.

"The inhalation of this ozone serves a valuable purpose in oxidising the blood, as it is carried directly into the lungs, and from thence to the red blood corpuscles. It is also claimed that the internal use of this peroxide of hydrogen is followed by the setting free of the ozone in the stomach and its absorption by the blood vessels.

"Our attention was first called to the Bi-ozone treatment some months ago, and we gave it a thorough test in the case of our cook, who has been for some time suffering from phthisis. There was a deposit in the upper part of both lungs, her cough was persistent, and for over two months she had profuse night sweats. She had become so weak that she could not go up one flight of stairs without stopping to rest on the way. We commenced giving her the Bi-ozone treatment, and within a month's time her cough had materially diminished, the night sweats had entirely disappeared, and she had so far recovered her strength as to be able to attend to her usual duties and go up three flights of stairs without shortness of breath or fatigue. In addition to the inhalation she took thirty drops of the peroxide of hydrogen by the stomach an hour after each meal. She continued this treatment for about four months, at which time she was apparently well. At the present writing, which is seven months after the beginning of the treatment, she has no cough, her appetite and strength are both normal, and the deposit in the right lung has entirely disappeared, while there is only a very slight dulness at the apex of the left lung.

Whether we accept the theory that consumption is due to the presence of bacilli in the lungs, or that of deposits of tubercular matter, the success of the treatment can be accounted for on rational grounds. The ozone or allotropic oxygen, when taken directly into the lungs by inhalation, destroys the bacilli, thus curing the disease, and also oxidizes the tubercular matter and thus causes its elimination.

"We are experimenting in other directions, and believe that in the Bi-ozone we have a remedy that will prove a valuable agent in the treatment of all conditions in which there is a deficient oxidation or imperfect nutrition."

Helmer's Bi-Ozone Cure

N. HELMER, Chemist, 822 Broadway, Southwest Corner 13th Street, New York City.

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Humorous.

A LONG FELT WANT.

If architects would bear in mind
The frailty of mankind,
They'd introduce a kind of stair
That now is hard to find.

They'd put another step on top,
Regardless of remark;
The step a fellow reaches for
When going up in the dark.

—S. GRAY.

Just the Thing.

Xerxes: "Gosh a'mighty, Zoff; where shu git dat big buckle on yo' belt?"

Zoffany: "Don'ten yo' tell de ladies, Xerx! Dat's de missus' dosh knocker! Swell, ain'ten it?"

Little boys learn with terror that there is to be a whaler at the World's Fair.

"I must keep this dead quiet," as the murderer said while planting his victim.

The prize fighter is like the walking-delegate. He is hardest at work when he strikes.

"I have lots to tell you about," said the real estate man, meeting an old friend on the street.

"Oh, dry up!" as autumn said to the leaf. "I'm not as green as I was," replied the leaf, "so I'll take your advice."

Blobbs: His conversation is pretty heavy, isn't it? Waggles: I guess so; I've often heard him drop remarks.

Johnnie: What did your mother whip you for? Eddie: Eating green fruit. Johnnie: Who give ye away? Eddie: The doctor.

Smart: Mark "advice" on that package of money before you put it into the safe. Clerk: Why? Smart: So no one will take it.

"Just take a turn around the block," is what the busy man said to the organ-grinder who was playing in front of his office.

Bachelor, sneeringly: "I suppose you think there is no other woman in the world like your wife!" Benedict, earnestly: "I hope not."

"Is the doctor in?" "Yes, but he's resting to-day and can't see anyone. There was a children's party in the block night before last."

Said the lecturer: The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a donkey to climb; therefore I did not attempt the ascent.

Fogg: "Why don't you get up and give your seat to the lady?" Bogg: "The way she looks because I haven't makes me so tired I can't."

Mrs. Dix: What are you buying those night caps for? Mrs. Hicks: For dear Henry; he often mentions taking a nightcap, but he hasn't one to his name.

"Pitch your voice in a low key," says a writer on etiquette. We presume etiquette can be temporarily dispensed with when trying to wake the boys in the morning.

Judge: Why did you get drunk? Prisoner: Because I got discharged, yer Honor. Judge: Then if I were to discharge you I suppose you would get drunk again.

Brown: Do you think that Hamlet was insane? Jones: I used not to; but since I have seen him rendered by Vickers in an amateur production I have concluded that he was an idiot.

Sunday-school Superintendent: Jimmie, can you tell me why the lions didn't eat Daniel when he was in their den? Tommy: I guess it must'er been, mister, because he was like you and hadn't any meat on him.

At a country fair recently a farm laborer got on a spree. A kind old gentleman went up to him and said: "My poor fellow, I am sorry for you, so sorry." "It's an awfu' pooty, min," replied Jock, "and me sae weel pleased wi' masel'."

A few years ago gas was first introduced into the house of an old man in a small Lancashire village. For several days all went right, and the old man was delighted with the change; but one evening the gas refused to burn in its usual steady manner. In vain he tried various remedies suggested by his neighbors, and at last, angry and tired, he went to the gas office and stated his grievance to the manager. "Well, I will send a man up who will soon put it right for you," said the manager. "You can do as you like," replied the old man, "but after you box (the meter) is empty we'll ha' no more."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The mistaken fashion writer sets out in the morning to see the new bonnets with the blissful certainty of being able to write all about the bonnets that are and are to be, but it does not take over five hours of pushing and struggling and sight-seeing to decide that it is about as easy a task to describe all the flowers that bloom as all the bonnets on show.

There are little bonnets scarcely larger than a blue postage stamp, and a big ones that overshadow the face like an umbrella, hats that make one look like a picture of bygone ages, and hats that make one look particularly fresh. There are felts in all colors, both smooth and hairy, and there are bonnets trimmed with fur, such as seal, beaver, mink and astrakhan. Feathers and flowers, wings, and feelers, Mephistopheles and drooping plumes are all shown in every imaginable combination.

Colors are as diversified as they can be, and there is no law for all to follow. Each one can have just exactly what she likes. Perhaps the models that will most generally please will be these in the illustration. The lower right is of slate gray smooth felt, has a plain band of green velvet and two Mephistopheles tips. In many hats of this form the brim projects far out over the face. Above is a tiny bonnet of gray felt, a simple saucer shape, with bows of corn colored velvet and two black satanic tips.

SOME NEW BONNETS.

Mourning bonnets are flat, with rolled folds of crape and butterfly bows of crape and black feelers. The long veil hangs from the back, and a black tulle face veil has a border of crape at the bottom. This helps hold the bonnet on. A mourning hat for a young lady is of black felt, with a wreath made of small loops of crape encircling crown, and two prince's plumes stand up on the left side.

Several new hats and bonnets, too, have one long, natural black ostrich plume reaching from the front and falling backward down the back. These natural plumes are very expensive, costing from five to ten dollars a piece. Many ladies have just such plumes laid away. Bring them out now and put them on your hats. They are just the thing. I should have said that the gray and white, as well as the mottled ones, are worn too.

I have watching to see what the peculiar fad is going to be this season, but the girls are staying out of town later than usual—that is, the girls who start fads. I have a haunting fear that it is to be enormous blue or green umbrellas, with china knobs half as big as a baby's head for handles.

During one of my pilgrimages to the shrine of fashion this week I came across two gowns that I know will be of real service for many readers who have tucked away in some place or other portions of a brocbe bordered or camel's hair shawl. One is of old rose vicuna cloth. Around the bottom are two rows of shawl bordering, headed and separated by a narrow puff of surah of the same shade as the dress. The corsage is of the shawl brocbe with a simulated jacket of the vicuna.

The other was fern colored camel's hair, with panels, corsage belt, gamp and bretelles of the brocbe in soft shades and pale tints. The ends were finished with a fringe of narrow ribbons of the same shades as those in the brocbe pattern. Two more elegant and original costumes I have not seen this season. They are both cut so as to just clear the ground.

Persian ribbon and galloon and big butterflies of Persian embroidery make the displays gay. The all Persian and the Persian striped and bordered ribbon is rich and showy. Wide ribbon that looks precisely like stocking webbing is in half-inch cross stripes of two colors, the sickly green seen so much in Persian work being noticeable, combined with Egyptian red. Spangles are thick on the Persian galloon, and black Brussels net is in footing widths edged with illuminated bangles shaped like those worn by the Pueblo Indian girls, a modification of the Latin cross.

The quaint high crown that made such a sensation in the spring is to be the popular crown of the winter, according to present indications. The large flats, with round flat-top crowns an inch or two inches high are brought out in light felt, the crowns being of constrasting velvet drawn in plaits around the side crown and held down by quarter-inch ribbon of felt the color of the brim. The ribbon bands the crown and ties in a small flat bow at one side. Cigale green velvet makes the crown of a cream felt, and the felt ribbon is cream. This felt ribbon is one of the season's novelties, and will replace the straw ribbon so liked this spring and summer.

A black velvet cap worth noting is a modified Tam O'Shanter, with loops of Persian striped black satin ribbon standing up on top, and two long black plumes, side by side, hanging over the back. The plumes start from under the knot that holds the loops, and fall upon the shoulders like the Highland steamers. The caps made of plaid, instead of Persian ribbon, will complete effectively the plaid-trimmed suits that are to be one of the autumn fancies for street and traveling costumes.

It is said that there are many fine French cashmeres among the new importations, and it will be very pleasant to see these charming fabrics restored to a place of honor after such long neglect. There is no wool material which is dyed in such beautiful shades of color as French cashmere, and its draping qualities are well known to be perfect. These will make an agreeable contrast to the rough and striking fabrics previously mentioned.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS OF COOKERY.

Gingerbread.—One pint of molasses, one pint of sour milk, two-thirds of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, three cups of flour.

The Boiling of Fish.—Fish boiled in sea-water, or in water to which salt has been added, is firmer and of finer flavor than when boiled in soft water, because of the solvent effect of the latter.

Wine Sauce.—Stir one cup of powdered sugar to a cream with a cup of butter; add a large wineglass of brandy or sherry. Set it in a warm place; half an hour before it is needed, and just serving, grate a little nutmeg over the top, and stir in the beaten whites of two eggs.

Rice Puddings.—The great secret in making rice-puddings is to let the rice cook slowly for several hours in the oven and then the grains swell and burst, and in this way thicken the milk and make it like rich cream. A rice-pudding made in this way is easily digested and is nutritious.

Orange Custards.—Boil the rind of a Seville orange till it is tender, pound it in a clean mortar, and add to it the juice of two oranges, a tablespoonful of brandy, eight ounces of loaf sugar, the yolks of four eggs, and the whites of three; beat altogether for ten minutes, then add a pint of milk, stir over the fire one way till it is set, then pour into glass dishes or cups.

Green-Pea Soup.—Boil one quart of fresh peas in salted water, with a handful of parsley and sorrel, until tender. Drain and pound in a mortar, and mix gradually with one quart of veal or beef broth; season with salt and pepper. Fry some boiled onions and lettuce with some bread cut into dice and put into the soup before serving; also add to the tureen a few heads of boiled asparagus.

Bohemian Cream.—Rub a pint of fresh strawberries through a sieve, add six ounces of powdered sugar, the juice of a lemon, and one and a half ounces of isinglass dissolved in half a pint of water. Mix all well together, and set on ice, stirring till it begins to set. Whip a pint of cream to a froth, and stir into the strawberries; put into a mould, and leave upon the ice till wanted. Then put in warm water for an instant and turn out.

Refreshing Drink.—Peel eight lemons very thinly, so that there is no white pith on the rind, as it would make the lemonade bitter. Put the rind into a jug or basin, add half a pound of lump-sugar, two or three cloves, a small piece of cinnamon, and three pints of boiling water. Let the mixture remain until cool, add the strained juice of the lemons and about six drops of essence of lemon. When quite cold, it will be ready for use. The rind can be used twice.

Roast Duck.—A "wrinkle" with regard to duck roasted in the ordinary fashion with sage and onion stuffing is to finish it, when it is on the table, by scoring it deeply with the carving-knife and scattering into the furrows so formed salt and white or black pepper, then pouring over it a glass or two of Burgundy, previously warmed, not heated, so that it may not chill the duck. Baste the bird for a few moments with the wine, and then cover it up, so that the seasoning may soak in for a minute or two. If the process is novel, the result will be a revelation.

Nut's Toast.—Cut four or five hard-boiled eggs into slices. Put a piece of butter half the size of an egg into a saucepan, and when it begins to bubble, add a finely-chopped onion. Let the onion cook a little without taking color, then stir in a teaspoonful of flour. Add a cupful of milk, and stir until it becomes smooth; then put in the slices of eggs, and let them get hot. Pour it over neatly-trimmed slices of hot buttered toast. The sauce must be seasoned to taste with pepper and salt.

Mince.—Take some remnants of roast or braised veal, trim off all brown parts, and mince it very finely. Fry a shallot chopped small in plenty of butter; when it is a light straw color, add a large pinch of flour and a little stock, then the minced meat, chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste; mix well; add more stock if necessary, and let the mince gradually get hot by the side of the fire. When quite hot stir into it, off the fire, a yolk of egg and the juice of a lemon strained and beaten up together. Serve with sippets of bread fried in butter round it, and three or four poached eggs on top.

Jam Roll.—Take two eggs and their weight in flour, sifted sugar, and butter. First cream the butter and sugar, stir in the two yolks, slightly beaten to a stiff froth, and last of all the flour, strewn lightly in, mix thoroughly, and add a little lemon-juice. Grease a Yorkshire pudding-dish, and pour in the mixture about half an inch in depth. Bake in a hot oven for not more than seven minutes, as otherwise it would become too crisp to roll. Strew a sheet of paper with sugar, and turn it out on this, and immediately spread with jam, and quickly roll it; if not done whilst very hot, it will break in the rolling. The top can be ornamented with bars of pink sugar icing, silver comfits, and preserved fruit.

Almond Sponge Cake.—Whites of ten eggs, one goblet of flour, one and a half goblets of sugar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; bake in two jelly cake tins. This will be much lighter if the flour is sifted three or four times, as for angel's food. For the custard half a pint of cream or milk. Boil it and stir in three well-beaten yolks, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of corn-flour dissolved in cold milk. Boil until thick. When cool add a pound of blanched almonds, chopped fine, saving two dozen to decorate the top. After putting the cream between the cakes, ice the top with the white of one egg, a small cup of sugar, and a very little bitter almond; then ornament with whole almonds in rays from the centre.

CONFUSION OF TONGUES.—When the Tower of Babel was building, and the confusion of tongues visited mankind, one word alone, at any rate, survived the general wreck, the all-important word "sack." Humanity agrees upon a word; you can give a man "the sack" in any language under the sun; is it not suggestive? Gaelic, Hebrew, Chaldaic, sac; Arabic, sagari; Coptic, pisok, a pannier; Latin, saccus; Italian, sacco; Spanish, saco and saca; Belgic, sack; French, sac; Dutch, zac; Swedish, sack; Gothic, sack; German, sack; Danish and Norse, sack; Sclavonic, Carniolese, shakel; Hungarian, sack; Turkish, sak; Georgian, sako; Anglo-Saxon, sacce and sacc; Irish, sac; Welsh, sack; Cornish, zah; Armoric, sach; Biscayan, sac. From before the flood, this word comes down to us; "it is antediluvian," says Doctor Johnson.

"ONE hour in church" was the sentence imposed on two drunken men by the Mayor of Wilkesbarre, and the fellows, brought into the presence of the decent people, got so ashamed of themselves that they reformed. That Mayor deserves another term.